Strait-jacketing Free Speech—*An Editorial*

THE Nation

June 16, 1951

Our Town in Turmoil

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

*

France Shies from the Right

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

*

"For What," Franco? - - - - *J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Greece: Portrait of a Failure - *Constantine Poulos*

School's Out in Pawtucket - *Roger Williamson*

Shaw's Last Play - - - - *Joseph Wood Krutch*

On Comic Strips - - - - - - - - *Manny Farber*

JUN 14 1951

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From the Editorial Rooms of the Beacon Press, for 49 years atop Beacon Hill in Boston

For your information, for your appraisal—

Blanshard PRO AND CON

PAUL BLANSHARD

PRO: *Newsweek*

". . . The two books [*] should be read together. Blanshard's attack has nothing in common with the bigotry, the appeals to prejudice, or the superstitions that have disgraced American political writing on the subject since the days of the Know-Nothing Party. He writes with evident sincerity, with considerable scholarship, and always distinguishes between Catholicism as a religion and the church as an organization. The target of his attack is not the religion, but the authoritarian spirit of the organization, which he holds to be feudal and monarchical, stemming from Constantine rather than the teachings of Christ, evolving out of European conditions and habits of thought, and retrogressive in terms of American democracy. . . .

"*Communism, Democracy and Catholic Power* is a study of authoritarian thought and practice as exemplified by the Communists and the political side of the church. It consists of thirteen chapters, one on the Kremlin's structure of power followed by one on the Vatican's structure of power, one on the Kremlin's thought control followed by one on the Vatican's thought control. Blanshard, of course, recognizes that there is a difference in kind between the two organizations, and while his purpose is plainly provocative, it does not seem basically unfriendly to Catholicism. He is rather contrasting the terrific increase in Communist authoritarianism with the steady decline of the Vatican's authority. . . .

". . . Blanshard holds that the Vatican is a liability rather than an asset in the war against Communism. He also believes that habitual, uncritical acceptance of superior authority leaves its followers unprepared to meet modern Communism. . . ."

NEWSWEEK, MAY 21, 1951

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COMMUNISM, DEMOCRACY, AND CATHOLIC POWER. Just published. 55,000 in print and in press. At all bookstores. $3.50.

CON: *from an official spokesman for the Hierarchy, Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy,*

director, Bureau of Information, National Catholic Welfare Conference

". . . Blanshard's assumption that a distinction can be made between the church's religious life and what he chooses to call her 'system of power' underlies the whole thesis of his book. *Newsweek* accepts Blanshard's assumption without question: 'The target of his attack is not the religion, but the authoritarian spirit of the organization. . . .'

"Actually, Blanshard's target is the Catholic religion. The 'authoritarian spirit' which he fears and denounces derives from the staggering claims of the church herself.

"What is that claim? She stands before the world as an independent society, with a divine commission to teach men the way to God. In exercising that commission, she presents a body of revealed truth, a sacramental system, a moral code, a program of education and the means for continuing her administration. She refuses to confine herself to the sacristy and to administer solely to the devotional needs of her followers. She insists that the claims of God must be honored as fully as the claims of Caesar; and she will not abdicate to Caesar in those things which pertain to God. . . ."

LETTERS DEPARTMENT,
NEWSWEEK, JUNE 4, 1951

CON: *Daily Worker*

"What Mr. Blanshard has done is to repeat every Trotzkyite, fascist and otherwise slander against the Soviet Union. Then when he has compiled this fake 'record' of Soviet 'totalitarianism' which no one may dispute on pains of being branded a subversive, Mr. Blanshard triumphantly produces evidence of Vatican reaction and declares, in effect: If you oppose this when it's Soviet, you must equally oppose it when it's Catholic. . . .

"In order to veil the source of capitalist power in the U. S., the fountainhead of the war camp, Mr. Blanshard does not speak about monopoly control of the means of production. Instead he dithers that 'the majority have the right to determine our future by free choice based on free discussion with certain inalienable rights guaranteed minorities. Such freedom of choice is the only sacred thing in the unique mixture of nobility and egoism which we call Americanism, and it is the only thing which we have a right to use as a yardstick in measuring the Vatican and Kremlin.'

"Now that is just a not-very-unique mixture of mysticism and hogwash.

"For elsewhere in his book a forgetful Mr. Blanshard, in his eagerness to deal another blow to the Communists, let's slip what his private definition of American democracy really is.

"He writes: 'There is no such person in the whole Soviet educational system as a capitalist professor, since, by definition, a capitalist professor would be an enemy of the state. This latter fact is not usually emphasized by Communists in the United States when they demand freedom for anti-capitalist professors in American universities.' Poor Mr. Blanshard! In one careless phrase he exposes the fact that he, like J. P. Morgan and Harry Truman, *identifies capitalism with democracy*. But the American people do not. . . . ."

THE COMMUNIST DAILY WORKER
MAY 28, 1951

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE WIND-UP OF SECRETARY ACHESON'S testimony last week left the Administration in a much stronger position both on the issue of General MacArthur's dismissal and on its record in the Far East. The first almost passed out of the area of argument. The second took on something like coherence, even though its new shape had obviously been influenced by the jabbing thrusts of the opposition. Perhaps the neatest trick of the week was Mr. Acheson's presentation of proof, in the form of a cable from General MacArthur, that the General in 1945 had advocated the policy he now so fiercely condemns—of trying to arrange a compromise between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists. No more disconcerting rabbit ever came out of a hat. The General's only defense was to call the "inference" a "prevarication" and to denounce the Marshall mission as "one of the greatest blunders in American diplomatic history." But a child of ten, reading the cable and then MacArthur's 1951 interpretation of it, would recognize the latter as purest baloney. The incident will at least help puncture the MacArthurian legend of god-like consistency and infallibility.

*

BUT IT SHOULD NOT BE ASSUMED THAT THE General's star has set. The Republicans, it is true, were put on the defensive several times during Mr. Acheson's testimony, and at the end the Secretary of State seemed to have won at least partial acceptance of his view that if the Korean war could be ended on or above the Thirty-eighth Parallel, without accepting the political conditions laid down by the Chinese, that would be victory enough. Unification and other goals could be accomplished more gradually by political means. But if Mr. Acheson succeeded in shifting the emphasis from bombing Manchuria to a cease-fire on or near the border of South Korea, he did not show how the cease-fire could be brought about; and so in a fundamental sense he worsened his position. What the shift of emphasis really did was to underline both the desperate necessity and the difficulty of finding a way to peace through the strategy of limited war. On this point Mr. Acheson simply said he had no knowledge of any peace feelers from the Communist side or any peace efforts on ours. This negative report was backed up on Monday by Defense Secretary Marshall in Tokyo, who said his trip to the war area was strictly military and had nothing to do with a truce.

SECRETARY ACHESON FURTHER REDUCED the possibility of negotiations by expressing views on Formosa and Peking's acceptance into the U. N. which differ little if at all from those of MacArthur and the Republican opposition. He chiseled away the former Administration stand at two crucial points: Formosa's final disposition would *not* be left to the United Nations—although it was submitted to the U. N. by the United States; and if the Peking government seemed likely to be given China's seat in the Security Council, the question of using the veto would be submitted to the World Court. To spell out such rigid terms in the course of proposing to end the fighting on the Thirty-eighth Parallel seems paradoxical; it fits better with the "victory" strategy of MacArthur. If it doesn't work, if the see-saw war goes on, if Mao ignores an invitation to a truce which offers him no hope of gaining his two primary aims, then who can say that opinion will not swing back to MacArthur? The General's strongest point—that unlimited stalemate would be unendurable—has not yet been answered by the Administration spokesmen. The fact that peace rumors continue, here and in Europe, provides the only suggestion that Mr. Acheson's public testimony did not tell the whole story.

*

IT IS AN INTERESTING FACT, AND ONE meriting closer attention by the Kremlin than it seems to have been given, that fear of Russia alone serves to mute the discords existing among the Western allies. Let Moscow give any really convincing sign that it wants the peace it demands so insistently, and a clamor of disagreements would break out at once in the West. We are not now referring to the cruder sorts of anti-British and general anti-foreign sentiment prevalent among the Republican stalwarts and displayed with such garish effect in Senatorial hearings, but to the effect of some of the Administration's own policies. Mr. Acheson's new formulation of the American position on Formosa and China differs even more sharply from that of our Continental allies and most of the Asian countries than did the position we assumed during the Assembly debate last winter. Another difference, potentially just as troublesome and almost as profound, is revealing itself in the discussions in France and England over the proposed Japanese peace treaty. Even if the Western powers are now reconciled to the American strategy of preparing a treaty without a conference—a method Russia is bitterly protesting—they have other, more intimate worries

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related to the terms drawn up by Mr. Dulles. In Iran, British resentment over various moves made by the American Ambassador bubbles just under the surface, while the whole direction of Western defense in the Mediterranean is a subject of open controversy. These difficulties will no doubt be resolved somehow, if not by compromise then by the sheer weight of American power, but the latter element would lose half its force if Moscow were not always on hand, ready to back United States diplomacy with its own unfailing and provocative ineptness.

*

DISQUIETING INFORMATION CONCERNING the caliber of diplomatic personnel abroad raises the doubt whether the State Department understands the full gravity of the international situation. A *Nation* correspondent last year interviewed the much-talked-of Mrs. Perle Mesta in Luxemburg. Kindly and friendly as a human being, she was evidently quite incapable of dealing with a political proposition. Walter Gifford, former president of the violently anti-union American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is now ambassador to Laborite Britain. Equally disturbing is the current custom of kicking inept people upstairs. Our prospects in Greece after an expenditure of nearly two billion dollars are hardly encouraging (see Portrait of a Failure p. 562), largely because of the coddling of reactionaries by former Ambassador Henry Grady and the embassy's first secretary, Karl Rankin. (Only last week the favors extended to the monarchy culminated in the Greek Premier's purchase of a yacht for King Paul.) Americans who for many months have complained to the State Department about these men have finally obtained the removal of Rankin. But evidently his incompetence in dealing with social problems in Greece was not considered a permanent handicap. He has been promoted to the rank of minister and been sent as chargé d'affaires to Formosa, an even more explosive area. A similar fate was meted out to Rankin's superior, Ambassador Grady, who now occupies the key post in strategic Iran.

*

AS IN THE INTER-WAR YEARS, THE SAAR IS again a subject of bitter controversy between Frenchmen and Germans and an obstacle to the political and military integration of Germany with the rest of Western Europe. The recent statement by Gilbert Grandval, French High Commissioner for the Saar territory, that the Saar must remain linked to France in order to provide a balance to the power of the Ruhr under the Schuman Plan, has created a new storm in Bonn. Even before that, on the occasion of Herbert Morrison's visit to Bonn, when the British Minister tried to assure Chancellor Adenauer that there had never been any question of "sacrificing the West German government" in the four-power talks, Adenauer asked about the Saar, which was

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not of course under discussion in Paris. By raising the issue the German Chancellor was notifying the powers that the nuisance value of the Saar issue was still high. Not wishing to antagonize the Americans, he has directed his entire strategy against the weakest link in the Atlantic chain—France. After Morrison's visit he sent a note to the French, British, and American governments demanding a revision of the Saar statute. The timing was clever. Chancellor Adenauer realized that it would be extremely embarrassing to the French government to have to discuss the Saar on the eve of the elections. By making German ratification of the Schuman Plan depend upon a satisfactory solution of the Saar issue he presented the French government with a dilemma: it must yield to German demands or admit that the Schuman Plan—its biggest diplomatic asset in the electoral campaign—stood little chance of ratification. However, M. Schuman escaped for the moment by saying that it was not for France to decide this issue but for the three Western powers together, and at the same time allowing the High Commissioner to speak his mind. Once the elections are over, the Saar controversy can no longer be avoided.

*

ACCUSING CERTAIN REPUBLICAN LEADERS OF playing "snide politics" over the MacArthur controversy, E. T. Weir, chairman of the board of the National Steel Corporation, has again demonstrated the independence and candor that characterized his recent pamphlet on foreign policy. To make his meaning quite clear, he quoted Webster's definition of snide: "spurious, deceptively inferior; tricky, mean, base." As a lifelong and active Republican, Mr. Weir condemns the Republican "Asiationists" on three counts: attempting to ride along with "the tide of emotion" which naturally greeted the return of a "great soldier"; identifying Republican policy in the minds of a large segment of the public with MacArthur policy; and, above all, failing to wait until all the evidence was in before taking a position. This, he said, was not well-considered action; "it was taking sides." Although *The Nation* has seldom quoted Mr. Weir, and even more rarely with approval, there is substantial merit in his opinion that in the investigation touched off by MacArthur's dismissal "the political leadership on both sides is not measuring up to its responsibilities . . . and there is widespread disgust among the American people."

*

THE RIOTS IN CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, on May 28 were the worst in the history of the city. Joining a parade of ex-servicemen from all parts of the Union, thousands of colored citizens converted the parade into an extraordinary demonstration. Racial segregation was momentarily forgotten as men and women of many colors and races, Malays in red fezzes and Negro women with babies on their backs, marched eight or more abreast in a three-mile-long procession. Gathered outside the Parliament, the demonstrators attempted to send in a deputation to protest against the Malan government's bill to take "half-castes" (as the Union's residents of "mixed race" are referred to by the government) off the election register. When the deputation was barred, the crowd became restive and the police charged with fixed bayonets. The demonstrators fought back with flaming torches and pieces of iron fence. As a sign of the deterioration in race relations and in the relations between the police and non-Europeans, the riots have aroused great disquiet in the Union. Yet Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, has refused an official inquiry and continues to refer to them as "rowdy demonstrations." And the Malan government continues to brand as "dupes and stooges" of the Communists all who oppose the Separate Representation of Voters bill under which the Cape colored will lose the common vote in fifty-five constituencies and will be given—perhaps as a joke—four white representatives in the Assembly and one in the Senate.

*

THE TIME-HONORED PAMPHLET STILL HOLDS a key position among the many tools that have furthered the communication of ideas. In 1936, in the wake of the great depression, a group of economists, educators, and political scientists met to discuss the nation's economic and social problems. Out of this meeting Public Affairs Committee was born. In the last fifteen years the organization has distributed seventeen million pamphlets on subjects ranging from How to Buy Life Insurance to The Races of Mankind. Providing vital information in readable form without prejudicial propaganda, the pamphlets have helped to bridge the gap between ignorance and knowledge in many different fields. *The Nation* is happy to recall that Maxwell S. Stewart, who has guided the committee with singular vision and care, was one of its editors for many years. Good pamphlets were never more needed than they are today, and the list of vital subjects was never longer. On its anniversary we congratulate Public Affairs Committee for its contribution to the democratic process.

*

A CALIFORNIA TEXTILE MANUFACTURER recently told an interesting story of how the manufacture of textiles is nowadays related to the raising of cattle. What happens is that a company buys a large acreage in the South, stocks it with a herd of cattle, and builds a modern textile plant on a corner of the property. A certificate of necessity, granted on a showing that production will be for the defense effort, has been obtained

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which permits the company to write off the cost of the new plant in five years instead of over the usual twenty-to-twenty-five-year period. For example, if the company constructed a plant which cost $100,000, it would normally be allowed a deduction for tax-return purposes of about $4,000 a year until the facility was fully depreciated. Under a certificate of necessity the company would be permitted to deduct $20,000 each year for five years. In the meantime many items of expense are being deducted for the maintenance of the cattle, but nothing is credited as income from this source, since the calves will not be marketed for beef for some years. When last seen, the story-teller was hurrying to catch a plane back to California, aflame with enthusiasm for cattle and certificates of necessity. It is difficult to determine how much has been invested in new textile mills under certificates of necessity, but about $200,000,000 is being spent by the textile industry on new machines and improvements. A recent Congressional report terms certificates of necessity "the biggest bonanza that ever came down the pike." The report estimates that in five months certificates have been issued for some $5 billion worth of plants.

Strait-jacketing Free Speech

THERE is grim irony in the fact that the Truman law firm of Vinson, Minton, and Burton has fallen back on the clear-and-present-danger doctrine to uphold the Smith act. The doctrine was intended, of course, to establish the principle that only the existence of such a danger could justify any interference with the right of free speech guaranteed by the First Amendment. Yet in the decision upholding the conviction of the eleven Communist leaders Chief Justice Vinson has interpreted the doctrine as though its purpose were to sanction an abridgment of freedom of speech.

The convicted Communist leaders were not charged with committing overt acts of any kind designed to overthrow the government or with conspiring to do so. They were not even charged with saying or writing anything that might have this effect. "The charge," as Justice Black points out in his dissenting opinion, "was that they agreed to assemble and to talk and publish certain ideas at a later date: the indictment is that they conspired to organize the Communist Party and to use speech or newspapers or other publications in the future to teach and advocate the forcible overthrow of the government."

In view of the admitted facts, Chief Justice Vinson was compelled to adopt Judge Learned Hand's distinction between discussion and advocacy, to hold, that is, that a distinction exists between reading a book in a college library and reading the same book in the headquarters of the Communist Party; that an old-style soapboxer can be permitted certain extravagances of speech which must be denied Eugene Dennis. The distinction makes freedom of speech turn not on what is said but on the intent with which words are spoken. In the world of facts and men the application of this test usually means: who is speaking? In short, what the court has done is to formulate a rule of political expediency under which an obnoxious opposition can be suppressed by charging that it uses certain words and ideas with intent to violate the Smith act. "Once we start down that road," to quote from Justice Douglas's dissent, "we enter territory dangerous to the liberties of every citizen." "Once we start" is here polite parlance for "we have started."

APART from the flimsiness of the distinction between discussion and advocacy—even in the dark days of the Palmer raids the distinction attempted was between act and advocacy—the court has narrowly construed and perversely applied the clear-and-present-danger doctrine. The rule was intended to provide a practical test of the imminence of the danger that would justify interference with speech. To be practical, a test of this kind cannot be applied in terms of the intuitions, anxieties, speculations, and apprehensions of one person; it implies measurement by objective standards. Yet the court has ruled that the trial judge shall determine whether the danger is clear and present, and it has approved Judge Medina's method of applying the test to the facts of this case. If a group intends to overthrow the government, argues the Chief Justice, and if it indoctrinates its members to this end, then the danger is to be measured not by "the probability of success" but by the trial judge's appraisal of the total situation, including the discipline of the group, the inflammable nature of world conditions, and "the touch-and-go nature of our relations with countries with whom petitioners were in the very least ideologically attuned." But to consider factors of this character is to shift the test from the immediate context in which the words are spoken to the realm of international power politics. The test becomes not whether specific words, spoken in a specific context, create a clear and present danger of the overthrow of the government but whether there is a clear and present danger, say, of war with Russia.

Just what was the political atmosphere which prevailed in the United States when the indictment was returned? A good answer may be found in Robert Bendiner's article in *The Nation* of October 22, 1949: "It is difficult to see how a party that is hardly more than half as strong as it was fifteen years ago can suddenly be deemed to present anything like an imminent threat to the established order. It is hard to see how a party that appears to have lost its grip even in the trade-union movement, where it has recorded its only real successes, offers . . . 'sufficient danger of a substantive evil . . . to justify the application of the statute.'" The year 1948

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marked the end of a decade of Congressional investigation of Communist activities which were even then enveloped in an atmosphere of profound and widespread hostility. Yet the court holds that the reorganization of the party, in this atmosphere, and the other acts alleged constituted at that time a clear and present danger that the government would be overthrown.

Some years ago Alexander Meiklejohn pointed to the obvious but neglected fact that the First Amendment says nothing about dangers, clear or present, and warned that the clear-and-present-danger doctrine would prove to be a pitfall. This prophecy has been fulfilled. First dismissing the doctrine as "a shorthand phrase" never intended as "a semantic strait-jacket," the Chief Justice ends by using it to strait-jacket the First Amendment.

In his fine dissent Justice Black expresses the hope that "in calmer times, when present pressures, passions, and fears subside," this or some later court will restore the First Amendment liberties to the preferred place in a free society from which they have been removed by the decision of the majority. But only a people aroused by a sense of the clear and present danger to their liberties which this precedent creates can generate the social and political energies which will reverse it.

Acheson Foils the Wolves

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, June 9

NOW that Secretary Acheson has been on the Russell committee witness stand for eight days, it is apparent that the Republicans who hoped to eat him alive are finding him a very tough dish. He has done a remarkably competent job in handling his critics, and though in the past he has gone farther than was wise or necessary in appeasing political enemies, there has not been a trace of appeasement in his current approach. I do not know whether he has salvaged his job; too many Democrats, shedding crocodile tears, have written him off as a "casualty of war" and a "political liability." But the Republicans who anticipated that they would break him down and through cross-examination force him to admit the truth of Joe McCarthy's hysterical charges have fallen flat on their faces.

Several years after the event it has been easy for second-guessers like the one-time missionary, Representative Walter Judd, to blame the American State Department for the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek's "nationalist" government of China. Since American policy has suffered a colossal defeat in China, the natural temptation is to fall back on a kind of personal-devil theory of politics, and to brandish accusations that such a defeat would never have occurred if we had not "sold Chiang down the river." Partisanship in the "great debate" over China policy is as obvious as it was in the Senate fight over American ratification of the League of Nations Covenant in 1919 and 1920—and some comment from liberals about government policy has been as perfectionist and suspicious as it was then.

The anti-Acheson Republicans in the McCarthy and China-lobby groups originally hoped to prove that the Secretary of State was primarily responsible for the firing of General MacArthur; or alternatively that the British were responsible. They also hoped to prove that Chiang Kai-shek got kicked off the China mainland only because we "tried to force him to accept a coalition" with the Communists, or "surrendered China to Russia" in the Yalta agreements, or "pushed Chiang over the cliff while letting it appear he was merely falling." Not one of these bizarre theories has stood the test of the Russell hearings, and the McCarthy Republicans have had even less luck in their effort to boil Acheson in oil than they had with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

It was Acheson, for example, who brought out that Chiang Kai-shek himself approved the Yalta agreements, which granted Russia rights in Port Arthur and other regions, as offering a chance to stabilize his relations with the Soviets. It was Acheson who revealed that General MacArthur, as well as other commanders, believed in 1945 that a coalition regime would afford the best chance of saving China from full-scale civil war. And as for Mr. Judd, who claims special knowledge by virtue of his missionary residence in China, he too previously approved a coalition government. Finally, it was Acheson who showed that Chiang Kai-shek was warned not to over-extend his forces by a campaign against the Communists in Manchuria, and that he ignored the American advice and saw his armies disintegrate.

The performance of the McCarthy group of Republicans, confronted by these facts, has bordered on the ludicrous. Senator Brewster of Maine, unable to make a case against Acheson in committee, has taken to the floor of the Senate to deliver speeches which consist mainly of quotations from a book on China by Freda Utley—mortal enemy of Owen Lattimore. It appears that Brewster did not even bother to check the statements in the Utley book, and the only other expert witness to support his allegations about our China policy is a retired army officer who turns out to have been on Chiang Kai-shek's pay roll for several years. Senator Knowland of California, who is jestingly referred to occasionally as the "Ambassador" or "senior Senator" from Formosa, has questioned Acheson diligently in cross-examination but has not struck pay dirt yet.

There is a valid criticism of the State Department which the Republicans have not yet made. The theory held by our intelligence groups a few years ago was that even if Chiang were driven from the mainland, the Chinese Communists would not be able to consolidate

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their regime and the real power would be exercised by local war lords. This theory has proved incorrect: our intelligence grossly underestimated the strength and capacity for leadership shown by Mao Tse-tung. If we are hunting scapegoats for ancient blunders, our intelligence service would offer a likely candidate. But the Republicans prefer to try to prove that Acheson—the first top State Department official to testify publicly that Russian post-war foreign policy was "aggressive and expanding"—is a pro-Communist or a Communist tool.

Another valid criticism, but one which would never occur to the Brewsters and Knowlands, is that Acheson still has not been able to reemphasize the fundamental thesis of correct American policy toward China which he enunciated brilliantly in January, 1950—namely, that our principal long-term objective should be to detach China from Russia. This is not an easy thesis to champion when the Chinese are fighting American and other U. N. forces in Korea, but its accuracy would be recognized by every master of *Realpolitik*. To talk about a permanent "veto" of Communist China's membership in the United Nations, for example, is to play into Russia's hands. Our diplomacy should be designed to end the fighting, to try to find a modus vivendi with whatever Chinese regime actually holds power on the mainland, and to make sure that this regime is not forced to turn to Russia as its only powerful foreign friend. Events may prove that this objective is unattainable, but it is clearly desirable, and the sooner Acheson or his successor is able to restate the proposition, the better for the United States and the whole Western community.

The Administration made good use of an opportunity presented this week by Senator Wayne Morse for a full-scale investigation of the so-called China lobby. Acheson quite properly told Morse, in response to questions, that the State Department is not the agency charged with enforcement of the Lobby Registration Act or the Foreign Agents Registration Act, and therefore has only "fragmentary" information about the personalities, finances, and expenditures of the curious group of Chinese and Americans that has conducted a major pro-Chiang campaign. But information certainly is available in other government agencies, including the Department of Justice and the Treasury, about this group that has pressured Congressmen for "aid" to Chiang, and about the Americans who have diligently propagated the suspicion that certain government officials are Communists or pro-Communists and thus have undermined confidence in our own government in order to advance Chiang's cause.

The China lobby should have been investigated last year by the Tydings committee, which had evidence in its files that charges against the State Department had been cooked up by Alfred Kohlberg, New York textile importer who backed the defunct *Plain Talk* and the confidant of Joe McCarthy and other pro-Chiang Americans. It should be investigated this year either by the Russell committee or by some other Congressional group with powers of subpoena and cross-examination and with a non-partisan determination to get the facts. If the Administration, as Acheson now indicates, throws its full resources behind an investigation into the activities of Chiang's paid lobbyists and their American friends, it will have a better chance of squelching critics who interpret Mr. Truman's reluctance to air the fight as an evidence of timidity.

"For What," Franco?

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

FOR some time there has been talk that a former follower of Franco had written a book whose publication in Buenos Aires was being blocked by the Spanish embassy. The book has now appeared, and one can understand why Franco's propaganda service was so eager to suppress it. It is called "Para qué? . . ." ("For What?"); its author is Juan Antonio Ansaldo, who after the Spanish war was Franco's air attaché in Vichy, Paris, and London. A picturesque, brave, but harsh and aggressive personality, Ansaldo is certainly no friend of the Republicans. He says in his book that from the day that the Spanish Republic was proclaimed, in April, 1931, he had but one thought—to destroy it.

Being a man of action he was not satisfied with damning the government in officer circles and in La Peña, the club of the Spanish aristocracy, but participated in every anti-Republican plot; when there was fighting he was in the front ranks, careless of his own life. Pretending that his goings and comings were connected with private aviation business, Ansaldo worked both inside and outside Spain as one of the most active agents of the groups trying to overthrow the Republic. His brothers were also aviators and shared in many of his adventures. He was the liaison officer, he tells us, for the generals who were conspiring against the first Republican government even while they were benefiting from its generosity—if the government cut the excessive perquisites of higher officers, it granted them ample retirement pay. In the spring of 1932, four years before the outbreak of war in Spain, he flew a number of high Spanish officers, enemies of the Republic, to Italy for an interview with Marshal Balbo and to enlist Mussolini's aid.

The first serious attempt to stage a coup d'état against the Republican government was made on August 10, 1932. It was preceded by a long period of preparation, during which the conspirators studied military strategy—their deficiency in this respect became miserably apparent later—held secret meetings in obscure places, and led a gay social life, going to parties where they drank,

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danced, and enjoyed themselves while waiting for the zero hour, each saying to the others, "Tonight I may die." Ansaldo was one of thirty officers chosen to invade the War Ministry, with the complicity of some of the guard, and to seize the Minister, Manuel Azaña, afterward President of the Republic. The government, however, learned of the scheme, and Ansaldo and his companions were received not with open arms but with gun-fire. Elsewhere in Spain the conspirators were similarly frustrated. Ansaldo fled from the country but returned as soon as possible and resumed his work. The pre-fascist government of 1934 viewed his activities with favor. He took part in the fascist movement headed by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falange, not because he felt any special sympathy with it but solely because it was against the Republic. Primo de Rivera was too intellectual and literary for his taste, but when the Popular Front was victorious in the elections of February, 1936, he immediately began to plan how to prevent the installation of the government chosen by the people.

In the period between the February elections and July 18, 1936, when the rebellion against the Republic was launched, Ansaldo was a leader of the "action squads" which fought our people, the Republicans, in the streets. The struggle was not carried on with arguments, as in a Town Hall forum, but with rifles and revolvers. One day we would lose a man; the next day they would. Ansaldo gives the details of this continuous violence.

THE July rebellion was the dramatic climax of his exciting life, and he describes it in the most moving and impressive section of his book. His first mission was to fly General Sanjurjo into Spain from his refuge in Portugal; Sanjurjo was the real head of the movement, and he, not Franco, had been selected as the future head of the Spanish state. The plane crashed and Sanjurjo was killed. Ansaldo was badly burned trying to save him and was taken to a hospital. Three days later, still wrapped in bandages, he escaped by plane into rebel territory and for the rest of the war was a pilot with Franco's forces. When the fighting stopped, Franco made him air attaché.

His book is devastating to his former chief. It also shows up mercilessly the present Spanish ambassador in Washington, José Féliz de Lequerica, who was Ansaldo's superior in the Spanish embassy at Paris—our author always calls him *von* Lequerica. Lequerica was pro-German, while Ansaldo, who had many social contacts with the French and British, was pro-Ally. To quote from Ansaldo's book (page 237 of the Spanish edition):

> José Féliz Lequerica was happy. More German than the Germans, deeply involved in French domestic politics, apparently successful in the job he had undertaken on his arrival in Paris in 1939, before the outbreak of the World War—to foster Franco-German collaboration against the British—he bathed daily in attar of roses. Laval was his intimate friend and buddy; Abetz [Hitler's ambassador] and De Brinon his assiduous colleagues.

Farther on (page 256) we find:

> His [Lequerica's] anti-Yankee animus vibrated in a swelling diapason. "For God's sake, let no member of the embassy hold out his hand to a North American," he repeated constantly. With his peculiar dialectical cleverness he offered a reasonable historical basis for the national hostility toward the United States. The greatest catastrophe ever suffered by the Hispanic world, he said, was the United States' annexation of Texas, which was torn from the secular Spanish throne by the greedy imperialism of the country of skyscrapers.

When Franco created the Blue Division and sent it to the eastern front, Ansaldo thought of having a group of Spanish officers join the Filipinos fighting against the Japanese, in order to counterbalance the Caudillo's aid to the enemies of the Allies. Soon he became convinced that Franco had not only accepted Hitler's help in defeating the Republican forces but was heart and soul for Nazi Germany and hated the Allies, especially Great Britain and the United States. An ardent Monarchist, Ansaldo began to consider Franco a traitor to the royalist cause. "The result of the nationalist insurrection had dispelled all illusions about it." Franco was not a patriot; he was an ambitious dictator who had cheated the Monarchists, delaying for day after day, month after month, and year after year the return of Don Juan to the throne. Franco had wanted Hitler to win the war, first because he admired Hitler and secondly because

Courtesy *Franc-Tireur*

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN . . ."
(A mass was recently celebrated in Madrid in memory of Adolf Hitler.)

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Hitler would never try to drive him from his position of power. Ansaldo began to feel a profound contempt for the Caudillo, finding in him few of the qualities of a true Spaniard.

The Monarchists' disillusionment with Franco increased as the years passed and the new head of the Spanish state showed no inclination to share his power with the Pretender, Don Juan, or to allow the monarchy ever to be restored while he lived. Franco made the Falangist state a parody of a monarchy, with himself its uncrowned king. He created dukes, marquesses, and counts, utilizing the appeal which royalty has even today for high society, and appointed a Royal Council over which he presided. He systematically deceived the followers of the Pretender, implying that some time, when he, the Caudillo, so decided, the monarchy would be proclaimed. The Monarchist generals who had supported his coup d'état against the Republic in 1936 felt fooled and betrayed. Ansaldo exulted when Franco's enemies were joined by General Kindelán, who was in command of the rebel air force during the war and who cast the deciding vote for the election of Franco when Sanjurjo's death made it necessary to choose a new leader.

Since 1948, when General Kindelán came out openly against the regime and lost his high post in Franco's service, the number of Kindeláns, little and big, in the army has increased daily. The impatience with which they await Franco's downfall has been intensified in the last two months by the strikes and organized protests which have shown that the majority of the Spanish people are in potential rebellion against the dictator. With his military experience Ansaldo expresses amazement that responsible persons in the Western democracies imagine that Spain could be mobilized for war under Franco's leadership, and that Franco Spain would be a dependable ally. As recently as last week one of the prominent Monarchists now trying to "guide" Franco, José Larraz, formerly Minister of Finance, begged the Generalissimo to step down and permit Don Juan to occupy the throne so that another revolution in Spain might be avoided. Franco was as contemptuous of the idea as he used to be in the days when he had reason to feel he was firmly in the saddle.

One has only to read Ansaldo to understand what the monarchy in Spain would be like if it were restored—antiquated, based on the support of the privileged classes and the great landlords, without a trace of popular control. A republic, a truly democratic republic, is the only solution. But while the Monarchists are not strong enough to turn back the clock in Spain, their growing hostility to Franco, if only by solidifying the opposition of a large part of the army, is one more factor in the process of disintegration which will finally liberate Spain from its present infamous and un-Spanish ruler.

France Shies from the Right

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, June 8

AFTER ten days of the election campaign the outstanding fact to be reported is that De Gaulle is not doing nearly as well as was expected a fortnight ago. The danger that France will take a sharp right-hand turn of which I wrote in an earlier article seems less acute.

De Gaulle has played his hand badly and has also been unlucky. After his May Day speech, Gaullism seemed to mean adventure and revolutionary change, and the mood for that just isn't there. No explaining away has removed from the minds of millions of Frenchmen the implications of the General's reference to a "rendezvous in the Champs Elysées." Moreover, the more the Gaullists talk, the clearer it becomes to the electorate that they have no constructive financial or economic program and are simply asking to be taken on trust.

Three other extremely important factors are working against them. (1) The Gaullist plan to dissolve the trade unions has made the big employers very nervous; although many of the workers are Communists, there have been few strikes and very little social unrest, and any action against the unions would start no end of trouble (2) The Vatican's *Osservatore Romano* recently came out with an article virtually calling on good Catholics in France to vote for the M. R. P., the "Third Force" Catholics, rather than for De Gaulle. This is offset, however, by the evident reluctance of a certain part of the French clergy, true to their independent Gallic tradition, to accept the Vatican's advice, especially in view of De Gaulle's promised aid to Catholic schools. (3) De Gaulle has hardly any press except the two weeklies, *Carrefour* and *Rassemblement*, and some local sheets. There is no Gaullist national daily; even papers like *L'Aurore* and *Le Parisien Libéré*, which were unmistakably Gaullist in the past, have become more cautious, and *Figaro* is outspokenly critical of De Gaulle.

When General Koenig, a Gaullist candidate, announced that his party favored extending the term of military service from eighteen to thirty-six months, it began to appear that De Gaulle's lucky star was setting, for no move could be more unpopular in France today. After this inept declaration came the attack by Gaullist "commandos" on the headquarters of the pro-Communist General Confederation of Labor, complete with bashed heads to give the people a taste of the civil-war atmosphere that a Gaullist victory would create.

At a number of Gaullist meetings in Paris I was struck by the defensive tone of many of the speeches. The candidates seemed to feel obliged to spend a lot of time excusing the *gaffes* of the General's May Day speech and went out of their way to demonstrate that De Gaulle

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was *un bon républicain*. At election meetings in the south De Gaulle himself has been insisting with a kind of petulant arrogance that it was he who in 1945 "gave France the Republic"—a phrase that must irritate real republicans and bewilder his more extreme followers.

The meeting held the other night in the northwest sector of Paris for Professor Vallery Radot, the Gaullist candidate, was poorly attended and one of the tamest I have ever seen. Except for exalting the sound management of the city of Paris by its Gaullist town council, which should be "a model for all France," the speakers had little to say of their party's economic plans. The hecklers were local conservatives who, anxious to punish De Gaulle for his refusal to gang up with them, accused him of having cooperated with the Communists in the past and having been responsible for the nationalizations carried out soon after the Liberation. The Gaullist candidate had to apologize in a confused and painful manner, saying that, after all, the Communists *did* represent 25 per cent of the French nation and couldn't be ignored during or just after the war, and so on.

Nobody today seriously expects De Gaulle to get 200 seats. Most forecasts now say that each party will get about 100 seats: Gaullists, 100; other right parties, 100; Radicals, 100; M. R. P., 100; Socialists, 100; and Communists, 100—with possibly the Gaullists, the Communists, and the right slightly exceeding this number. The center of gravity in the new Assembly will be rather more to the right than it was in the last one, and the favorites for the premiership are ultra-conservatives like Paul Reynaud or right-wing Radicals like René Mayer or Daladier. "Strong Man" Daladier, who intends to be very tough with the Communists, is said to be the Americans' first choice.

HOW, meanwhile, are the Third Force parties, and particularly the Socialists, faring? Thanks to the *apparentements*, and with the encouraging example of Italy before them, they are fairly confident of not doing too badly. A typical Socialist meeting was held on Saturday in the Latin Quarter for Robert Verdier, editor of *Le Populaire*, who heads the Socialist list in Paris-sud. It is curious that, except for the Communists, no party in France really "talks big"; rather each boosts itself as a lesser evil. Even the Communists are conducting a very quiet campaign, content to benefit from the steadily rising cost of living. The Socialists also were constantly apologizing: of course they had done their best, but allowances had to be made for the fact that they were in a coalition government and in all matters had to fight against their more conservative partners.

Here are some of the main points made by Verdier and other speakers:

> The Socialists were not exactly planners, but they believed in "a modest form of empiricism." In the matter of wages they favored the sliding scale, which their Radical and M. R. P. partners had always opposed, and a stricter control of capitalist profits. The shining example of Britain should be followed.
>
> Peace had to be won but not by the methods advocated by the Communists. Soviet imperialism was the greatest menace to peace, and the Stockholm Appeal, which by prohibiting the atom bomb was only going to facilitate "small wars of liberation," was a swindle. Even so, the division of the world into two blocs must not be accepted; European union must be the first stage in an all-round unification of the world.
>
> Gaullism had nothing to recommend it except the personal prestige of the General. Besides, there were dangerous people in the R. P. F., men who had led the revolt of February 6, 1934. The Socialists had to fight on two fronts—against the Communists, who, as the People's Democracies showed, were the enemies of all self-respecting Socialists and of personal freedom, and against the Gaullists, who were fascists in disguise.

The audience was almost entirely middle-class. Some Gaullist students made a lot of incoherent noise during the speeches, but when called on to speak they had little to say except that the Socialists had "neglected the French army"; this produced the reply that M. Moch was, on the contrary, "a great Minister of Defense." More embarrassing to the Socialists were a couple of Communists and a Trotskyist, all of whom accused the Socialists of "condoning colonialism" and "encouraging the war in Indo-China." One Communist asked what the Socialists thought of "Mr. Bevan, who knew you couldn't have both rearmament and social welfare." The question got no reply. Instead, M. Verdier again said that the Socialists, as members of a coalition, could not be held responsible for all that had happened in Indo-China; great mistakes had been made in the past, but it was true, nevertheless, that the war was started by Ho Chi Minh; some good chances of negotiating a peace settlement had been missed, but now it was very difficult, since the other coalition parties had different views on the subject. The hecklers had certainly touched on the French Socialists' sorest spot. One can only hope the party will do well enough to save what social welfare persists in France from being wrecked by the Reynauds and the Daladiers.

Despite disparaging remarks by the Socialists, great interest is expressed in intellectual quarters in Claude Bourdet's "independent left" or "neutralist" group. If Bourdet and his five colleagues win seats they will become the center of attraction for many Radical, Socialist, M. R. P., and even Communist deputies, as the cost of rearmament and the threat of war increase. The question now is: will the election produce a Third Force government, a Gaullist government, or something in-between—an ultra-conservative Cabinet without staying power, which can only arouse country-wide commotion and inspire new groupings of the left?

Johnson City, Tennessee

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Our Town in Turmoil

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

MOST of its 23,500 residents, particularly the well-heeled ones who live "on the hill," would agree that Englewood, New Jersey, is beautiful, wealthy, conservative, well-mannered, and exclusive. The elaborate Tudor-style high school, with grounds spacious enough for a college campus, is named after Dwight Morrow, long the community's most distinguished citizen. "The bedroom of Wall Street," Englewood once had great attraction for bankers, brokers, and corporation lawyers, who enjoyed commuting down the Hudson shore and ferrying across to their offices in Wall Street. Like most communities of great wealth, Englewood changes slowly and is conservative in its acceptances.

At the turn of the century there were few Jews or Negroes or Catholics in the population, which then stood at 6,000, and as late as 1930 most of the people were at least second-generation Americans. Today, Englewood has roughly, 5,000 Negroes, 4,000 Jews, and 2,700 Catholics—together, about half of the total population. Today's transit puts Englewood within easy commuting distance for working-class Negroes, lower middle-class Catholics, and middle-class Jews, as well as for Wall Street brokers. Since 1940 the Jewish population has doubled and the Negro population has shown a comparable increase. Since 1940, also, quite a number of small industrial plants have appeared on the outskirts of the community.

In the meantime some of the families on the hill, plainly annoyed by the "invasion," have moved to Tenafly and other nearby communities. And quite a number of the sons and daughters of families remaining on the hill have been forced to move, after marriage, for lack of suitable low-cost housing. The transition from the old to the new Englewood really dates, so some hill dwellers believe, from the 1920's, when parvenu wealth first began to invade the hill. A second "invasion" was noted in the early 1940's, when a long-standing gentlemen's agreement was broken and a few Jewish families managed to buy homes there.

Officially there is no segregation in the schools. But Englewood has a separate Negro grammar school and high school, the parochial grammar school and high school of St. Cecilia parish, the regular public schools, and two exclusive private schools on the hill, one for boys, one for girls. In point of fact, therefore, students are segregated to some extent on the fourfold basis of sex, race, religion, and social status. The hill dwellers, who have politely and efficiently bossed the community for generations, have at all times been in the strange position of running a public-school system which many of them personally boycott.

Currently "our town" is in turmoil. Vile charges and counter-charges are printed in the press and echo in the streets; civic violence has brought ugly and long-hidden realities to the surface; old religious antagonisms are being revived. No one knows the precise cause of this agitation although many residents think they know who started it—a man they call "the Creature," who in turn calls them even harsher names.

Well-informed residents believe that the trouble began in June, 1946, when the Catholic War Veterans protested against the scheduled appearance of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam to deliver a high-school commencement address. Public opinion rallied quickly in defense of free speech, but Englewood was left with a sense of division and of injury. When such things happen, there is usually an earlier "incident" that people have almost forgotten. The earlier incident in this case was an attempted textbook purge in the late 1930's, which was finally averted after months of intense agitation.

Shortly after the Oxnam incident the Jewish community announced the formation of a forum program as a contribution to the civic life of Englewood. Among the speakers were Pierre Van Paassen, J. Raymond Walsh, and Norman Thomas. William S. Gailmor, brother of Rabbi I. Margolies of Englewood's Temple Emanu-El, was scheduled to wind up the first year's series on May 14, 1947. The moment this lecture was announced, the Catholic War Veterans protested to the Mayor and threatened to picket the meeting. Again public opinion quickly rallied in defense of free speech, and Gailmor spoke without any trouble. The next year, however, the opposition was better organized and far more truculent. Nevertheless, the attendance at the forum showed a sharp increase. Realizing that the series had been somewhat weighted to the left for Englewood and disturbed by the mounting opposition, the Jewish leaders proposed, at the close of the 1948 season, that the forum be taken over by a representative group of citizens and operated as a community project. Such a plan was worked out, and tentatively approved by certain leaders of the Catholic War Veterans, but was finally voted down by a narrow margin at a community meeting. The forum was then discontinued. The leader of the opposition at this meeting, as at the forum sessions, was Frederick G. Cartwright.

Although Cartwright has lived on the hill for several years, and has some support there, he probably would

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not win a popularity contest among his neighbors. A middle-aged investment broker with three daughters who attend the exclusive private school, Cartwright was born in England but has long since become a superpatriot who feels that his zeal alone sustains the civic and moral fiber of Englewood. Intemperate in speech, he is a man of vast energy. Although not a Catholic, his current relations with the Catholic War Veterans are so intimate as to make it difficult to say whether they are using him or he is using them. He admits having contributed money to Allen Zoll's National Council for American Education, which has been termed by the Public Education Association "the most notorious among the enemies of the modern school program."

The decision to drop the forum aroused considerable resentment among Englewood's Protestant ministers. Annoyed by the Oxnam incident, they had been again aroused when the same group that had opposed Bishop Oxnam charged that the Protestant clergymen who had sponsored the Planned Parenthood Federation had helped create "more prostitutes." Protestant sensibilities were also ruffled when an anonymous leaflet warned "all true Americans" to stay away from the First Presbyterian Church—which has more ivy and millionaires than any other church in Englewood—on a special occasion when Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, nationally known theologian, occupied the pulpit. Disturbed by these happenings, the Reverend James A. Mitchell, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, preached a thoughtful sermon in September, 1950, on The Menace of Communism:

> A negative attitude is not enough. Labeling people with whom we happen to differ politically as "Communists," and denouncing them, does not really harm communism; it harms only democracy. . . . Denying individuals a right to earn a living by the smear technique and character assassination is not only malicious but a denial of the first principle of Anglo-American jurisprudence—the assumption that "a man is innocent until he is proved guilty."

THE stage was now set for a major incident. Both the American Association for the United Nations and the United World Federalists have fairly strong followings in Englewood, drawn mostly from the hill. The A. A. U. N. scheduled a meeting at the Junior High School for October 17, 1950, at which Louis Dolivet, then an editor of the *United Nations World*, was to speak. Dolivet, who was in France, was denounced as a "red" by the Chicago *Tribune* shortly before the meeting and was barred from reentry to the United States. Thus when Dr. T. H. P. Sailer called the meeting to order, Constantin Stavropoulos, special political adviser to the United Nations Commission on Korea, had been substituted as the principal speaker.

Scarcely had Rabbi Margolies pronounced the invocation, in the presence of the Mayor, when Cartwright started for the platform, spouting denunciations and quoting the Chicago *Tribune*. For twenty minutes the wildest confusion prevailed. Protesting against the appearance of Dolivet, who had not appeared, and attempting to speak before the question period, Cartwright was clearly out of order. When Dr. Sailer, aged seventy-two, was unable to obtain quiet, Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe, the distinguished atomic scientist, walked to the platform to lend a hand. In the meantime someone had called the police; Cartwright was placed under arrest on the complaint of Dr. Wolfe, and Dr. Wolfe, in turn, was charged with assault by a seventeen-year-old student from St. Cecilia High School. Cartwright then stormed out of the meeting, with some seventy-five followers. As they were leaving, a firecracker was exploded in the hall with a terrific bang, and a young girl fainted as rumors swept through the auditorium that a shot had been fired.

In the wake of this meeting Cartwright and certain leaders of the Catholic War Veterans laid down a systematic barrage of criticism against the World Federalists and the United Nationists. As a climax to this campaign George V. McDavitt, a former investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was brought to Englewood for a meeting on December 7. McDavitt echoed the familiar theme that "less than 1 per cent of humanity have caused the world's major troubles" and went on to attack "the effeminate rule of diplomatic homosexuals" and "the easy-mannered, cocktail-loving" people who make up "morally decadent" fashionable society. Accusing the United World Federalists of "Communist-front activities," he took a crack at the magazine *Scholastic*, denounced a number of textbooks (including a 1932 pamphlet by Dr. George S. Counts), and managed to work in fairly vigorous comments on Eleanor Roosevelt, Secretary of Defense Marshall, Anna Rosenberg, and General Eisenhower. The chairman of the meeting, a leader of the Catholic War Veterans, accused the school authorities of refusing to permit school children to sing "Christian" Christmas carols, "due to pressure" from certain groups—a charge which he later withdrew. Out of this meeting came the Englewood Anti-Communist League, Inc., organized by Cartwright and his Catholic allies, which has published several pamphlets, including a torrid tirade entitled "Red Influences in Englewood and Vicinity."

For weeks the local paper was full of letters from members of the Anti-Communist League attacking a long list of individuals, such as James Carey, Dr. Christian Gauss, and Louis Bromfield. Anonymous leaflets were distributed; a clergyman was denounced, on his own premises, as "a nigger-lover and Jew-lover"; and Mrs. Dwight Morrow—the first lady of Englewood—was called "communistic" at the conclusion of a telephone call. In recent months the Anti-Communist League

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has sponsored a series of meetings at which Dr. T. H. Chang, consul general of Nationalist China in New York, Howard Rushmore, who accused the Truman Administration of "treason," Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, and Alfred Kohlberg, China lobbyist, have spoken. Schultz is now head of the Kohlberg-financed American Jewish League Against Communism.

Within a week of the riotous A. A. U. N. meeting, the Catholic War Veterans demanded an investigation of the Englewood public schools, and Cartwright promptly took up the issue. Three teachers and various texts were attacked. At a hearing on March 21, 1951, the school board waited patiently but vainly for Cartwright to produce evidence in support of the charges and then cleared the teachers. But the damage, of course, could not be entirely repaired. Two months later the *Press-Journal* pointed out that many teachers "will admit that they feel unsure of themselves, afraid that certain children have been set to watch for anything that sounds off-color. The Board of Education itself is afraid of what Cartwright might do." In another editorial the paper said, "The board should not permit itself to be intimidated by Cartwright." A good many citizens apparently reached much the same conclusion. Under the leadership of Mrs. Malcolm MacKay fifty or more "respectable" residents issued an excellent statement in support of the schools.

Before all this happened, however, the cases of Cartwright and Dr. Wolfe, five times postponed, were finally called for hearing by Magistrate Henry J. Bendheim. Lined up two deep along the walls of the little courtroom, the spectators heard Cartwright say, "Before I get through there will be fighting in the streets of Englewood." As a Jew, Judge Bendheim faced a rather difficult extra-judicial problem. After listening to nine hours of testimony he found Cartwright not guilty, while "deploring and disapproving" of his conduct, and dismissed the charges against Dr. Wolfe.

NO CLEARER blueprint of the fake "anti-Communist" movement which seeks to rise to power in this country could be found than in Englewood's civic brannigan. To call the movement "anti-Communist," even in quotes, is to misname it. It is anti-internationalist, anti-World Federalist, anti-intellectual. Clearly authoritarian, it is based on a pathological hatred of democracy. It threatens the independence of the public schools and uses fear and hatred as stepping-stones to power. It has the support of powerful veteran, nationalist, and religious groups; it ties in with the China lobby; it has important spokesmen in Congress; it uses the House Committee on Un-American Activities to intimidate its opponents. To equate this movement with democratic opposition to communism is to permit anti-Communist sentiment to be exploited for authoritarian purposes.

The movement exploits inter-group tensions of the type which exist in nearly every American community. In Englewood, for example, the Catholic War Veterans play the aggressive role that they do, not because they are Catholics, but because they belong largely to a social group that has known discrimination and is now rising in status and power. Similarly the Jews of Englewood arouse opposition not merely because of their intellectual interests but because they too are rising in status and increasing in numbers. That Negroes are frustrated in Englewood probably accounts for the fact that Cartwright has been able to recruit a local Negro minister as an ally. Some hill dwellers, resentful that "old Englewood" is changing, are doubtless inclined to support Cartwright out of what might be called historical pique. Then, too, the Catholics tend to be townspeople while Jews and Protestants make up the bulk of the commuters; so that ethnic and religious divisions are sharpened by other alignments.

The situation is naturally aggravated by national and international tensions. But just as the liberals and the real conservatives or traditionalists combined to scotch the textbook purge of 1939, so they are now uniting to end Englewood's civic turmoil. The leadership is coming from conservative elements on the hill who have a responsible sense of community—local, national, and international. Their social vision may not be too acute, but they detest vulgarity in politics as in social conduct.

The local paper was at first inclined to take a neutral position. But after Cartwright's open praise of Allen Zoll at a recent school-board meeting—Zoll is scheduled to speak soon in Englewood—and the appearance of Cartwright and a leader of the Catholic War Veterans on a television program, the *Press-Journal* revised its attitude. It said recently: "Make no mistake about it. Englewood is heading for trouble. . . . It is one thing to be on the alert against our Number One enemy, communism, and against the lesser but none the less insidious enemy, fascism. . . . But let us stop this vigilante approach that is gaining ground here like a cancer. This menace lies not only in the suspicions, the accusations, the recriminations. . . . There is a deeper menace in the fact that it is rousing religious hatred. . . . If allowed to spread, it will destroy the quality of our town." And as everyone knows, our town is our America.

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School's Out in Pawtucket

BY ROGER WILLIAMSON

Providence, June 8

WHEN a corrupt, long-intrenched political machine begins to break up, no one is safe as the bosses search frantically for a way to save their power. The brassy, high-handed nineteen-year-old Democratic administration of Pawtucket, R. I., is in just such a state. Those who are getting hit hardest are the city's 8,175 public-school pupils and 534 public-school teachers. The pupils have lost vital weeks of schooling, and the teachers are temporarily without livelihood. The occasion is a strike forced upon the teachers on May 14 by the Pawtucket School Committee. It came after six months of negotiating by the Pawtucket Teachers' Alliance, an A. F. of L. local, for a flat $410-a-year annual pay raise. There is good reason to suspect that the committee was not really negotiating but was merely stalling.

The fact that Pawtucket's schools have been closed for so long—the fact that they are closed at all—relates directly to the desperate financial situation of remnants of the Democratic administration.

Pawtucket has been ruled since 1933 by one of the most ludicrously cavalier machines in the country. Two brothers, the late Tom and Ambrose McCoy, held the reins until early this year. Tom was mayor from 1933 until his death shortly after World War II. Ambrose succeeded him and lasted until he was nosed out of City Hall in last fall's election by an independent, Lawrence A. McCarthy. McCarthy's support came from disgruntled Democrats, the nearby Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, arch-enemy of the McCoys, a growing number of outraged Pawtucket residents, and the handful of Republican voters.

Although McCarthy won the mayoralty, the Democrats kept control of the City Council. McCarthy's first move, upon taking office early this year, was to demand an independent audit and long-overdue publication of the pay roll. The City Council immediately responded with a series of resolutions depriving McCarthy of practically all his executive powers. These maneuvers were not altogether successful. For one thing, the city of Pawtucket customarily gets cash in the spring of the year by issuing tax-anticipation notes. McCarthy refused to sign, and Pawtucket's Democratic leaders, who include several General Assembly members, turned to the state legislature for help. A number of bond bills were introduced which would permit the city treasurer to issue $3,900,000 of new bonds without further authorization. Eventually, during a farcical Assembly session, the bond bills were passed in compromise form. Pawtucket Democrats got their bond bills but only on the condition that the city's books be submitted to state audit.

The Democrats got help from another source. On April 17 the largest taxpayer in the city, the Blackstone Valley Gas and Electric Company, paid its 1951 taxes of $168,000 two months in advance of the due date. Soon the second largest taxpayer, the J. and P. Coats Company, a thread firm, paid its $110,000 tax in advance. Democratic officials were busy indeed. David Daly, president of the utility company, acknowledged payment of the taxes but denied he was taking part in the City Hall controversy. It has been common knowledge for years that the great strength of the old McCoy machine lay in its support by the city's big taxpayers in exchange for a low tax rate, $21 a thousand at present. But the public exposure of this happy cooperation between big taxpayer and big politician was a real experience for the citizens of Pawtucket. This was the situation, then, when the teachers struck.

Francis E. Welch, chairman of the Schools Committee with which the alliance had been so patiently trying to do business, has played an important role in the strike. Welch is an accountant who came to Pawtucket in 1924, established an accounting firm in Providence, and became "financial adviser" to Tom McCoy. Later, he was "financial adviser" to Ambrose McCoy. He was "financial adviser" to the city of Central Falls until he was fired a couple of years ago. Welch is also the owner of a firm known as Welch Industries, Inc., which instals soda-dispensing machines. Five of his machines were installed in Pawtucket schools a couple of years ago, and one day several pupils got sick after drinking soda from one of these machines. Pawtucket Parent-Teacher units, with the help of the *Journal-Bulletin*, managed to force Welch to remove the machines from the schools. Welch has been charged by the teachers with extravagance in running the junior and senior high schools and with political domination of the schools.

On January 21, 1949, the Superintendent of Schools, Alfred J. Maryott, a man with a reputation for integrity but conservative social outlook, resigned in protest against what he called political domination of the school department. He was succeeded by Dr. Percy R. Crosby, who is said not to be troubled by political domination.

The strike has produced some interesting sidelights. A mediation plan advanced by eight Roman Catholic

ROGER WILLIAMSON is the pseudonym of a Rhode Island newspaperman.

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priests—later indorsed by a Jewish rabbi and a Protestant minister—was rejected by the School Committee but accepted by the teachers. The committee was praised editorially by the *Journal-Bulletin* for its stand. The *Journal-Bulletin* is vigilant when it comes to separation of church and state and may have suspected a dangerous precedent, but since it had condemned the strike, it was certainly being consistent in its stand.

The most recent development was praise for the teachers from the Most Rev. Russell J. McVinney, D. D., bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Providence, who upheld the action of his eight priests. "Their good will," said the Bishop of the teachers, "was not matched by a corresponding compliance of the School Committee seeking refuge in legal technicalities."

With this kind of pressure, it is difficult to see how Welch can refuse to accept a mediation offer from Governor Dennis J. Roberts already accepted by the alliance.

Greece: Portrait of a Failure

BY CONSTANTINE POULOS

MODERN Greek history is becoming drearily repetitive. On Sunday, April 15, ten years to the week since he fled before the wrath of the Greek people, Constantine Kotzias, the six-foot-four, 286-pound Nazi-phile bully and close collaborator of Dictator John Metaxas, was elected Mayor of Athens. In 1936, when Metaxas seized power, dissolved Parliament, and banned all political parties, he created the post of Governor of Athens and placed in it the faithful Kotzias. Together with Metaxas' ruthless policeman, Maniadakis, Kotzias fashioned and applied the indispensable tools of totalitarianism—suppression, terror, and brutality. Just before the Dictator's censorship clamped down on news out of Greece, one brief item on Kotzias appeared in the New York *Times* (February 12, 1937):

> *Athens, February 11.*—Prominence is given in today's newspapers to speeches delivered in various parts of the capital by Constantine Kotzias, Governor of Athens. . . .
>
> The speaker praised to a sensational degree the use of physical violence against those among the people who, through being out of harmony with the regime, spread rumors of disaffection.
>
> "Use your hands," the Governor cried in accents as loud as his insistence on the present regime's strength and durability. "We are and shall remain in power forever," he declared.

In the United States there was a slothful tendency to gloss over the fascist dictatorship of the late King George and John Metaxas, but in pre-war Germany Metaxas' flattering imitation was more than appreciated. The second anniversary of the Metaxas dictatorship (August, 1938) was appropriately celebrated in Berlin with the publication of a large, attractive book entitled "Immortal Hellas." The introduction was written by Alfred Rosenberg, chief of the Nazi movement's foreign-policy department. Kotzias, the Dictator's liaison man with the Nazis and a personal friend of Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, and von Papen, contributed a lengthy article on Greek youth. Concerning the Nazi youth of Germany, Kotzias said: "The writer of this piece, one of the most enthusiastic defenders of the organization of youth, cannot conceal his admiration for the German youth; for how they accept subordination, believe in higher ideals, adopt for themselves the ideals of the ancient Greeks, and go forward to meet the goal of the German people with heads raised high and firm looks toward the future." One of the illustrations in the German volume showed the organized, uniformed Greek youth, founded in imitation of the Hitler Jugend, marching past Kotzias, their arms raised in the fascist salute.

The significance of Kotzias' return to a position of influence in Greek affairs was increased by the support given him by the old political leaders. The Liberal and supposedly republican Premier, Sophocles Venizelos, the royalist Populist Constantine Tsaldaris, the amorphous Democratic Socialist Vice-Premier, George Papandreou, and all the rabid right-wing groups rallied around this survivor of the dictatorship and in so doing confessed their own weakness. By their abject failure to solve, or even attempt to solve, the country's many problems, these same old party leaders had created the vacuum into which Metaxas, Maniadakis, and Kotzias stuffed their vicious pre-war authoritarianism. The war wiped out the dictatorship—and there was a new vacuum. It was the Stalinists, with their well-organized underground movement, who then moved in and filled the void. With the help of the Tito-Cominform break and the Truman Doctrine, the Stalinists were erased. Again the old parties had a chance, and again, weak and corrupt, they failed to combat the misery of the people. And so, once more, the old party hacks are giving way to the fascist totalitarians. In the three gravest crises of

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modern Greece—the dictatorship, the occupation, and the post-war period—the old political parties have failed the Greek people completely.

ON PAPER the war with the Stalinists ended more than a year and a half ago, in the fall of 1949. Rather than succor a potentially dangerous, Cominform-led enemy in his back yard, Marshal Tito withdrew his support of the Greek guerrillas and closed the frontier. At about the same time the Kremlin decided to liquidate its stalemated Greek adventure in order to concentrate on the more important conflict in Yugoslavia. The end of the armed struggle in Greece was then inevitable.

For the Greek people the cessation of the guerrillas' resistance heralded the first respite from war in many years. A period of peace and security, of reconstruction and rehabilitation, seemed about to begin. Of course a program was necessary. But a breathing space had been provided, and democracy should have been given a chance—for a change.

Unhappily, modern Greek affairs seem to follow the pattern of ancient Greek tragedy. The very efforts of the Greek people to extricate themselves from the misery, poverty, and backwardness of their fate only involve them more deeply. At the second post-war elections, held on March 15, 1950, five months after the end of the civil war, the majority of the Greek people repudiated the men who had governed Greece during the previous four years. The Democratic Group, composed of the Socialist Party, a collection of left republicans, and some fellow-travelers, swept the big cities. A new spontaneous centrist grouping, named the National Progressive Union and headed by General Nicholas Plastiras, made a surprisingly strong showing. The elections destroyed the American State Department's pet myth that the Stalinists and the Athens cabal were the only alternatives and proved that the Greek people were as fed up with reaction as with communism.

Although the American officials in Greece had not supported General Plastiras, they rejoiced when he took over the government in April, 1950. An abortive attempt by the oligarchy to deny him the post was frustrated by American intervention. Time would be needed to clear up the entire mess, but here at least, was a start. The strict enforcement of economic regulations was a welcome novelty. The abolition of political persecution, summary executions, and torture of political prisoners promised to put an end to the debilitating cycle of terror. From both the American and Greek points of view, the resumption of diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia was salutary. Most important, there was a psychological change. People were no longer afraid, and they dared to hope. It appeared that the United States would eventually be able to claim that it had not only saved a gallant little nation from Stalinist domination but helped it achieve a state of political and economic health.

The Americans cheered too soon, and the hesitant smile of the Greek people died on their lips. Using the Korean war as an excuse, the Athens oligarchy, with the help of Sophocles Venizelos, who pulled the Liberal Party out of the government, overthrew General Plastiras in September, 1950. Soon the old crowd was back, doing business at the old stand.

General Plastiras' government had stepped on too many toes. As he had promised, the Premier started to expose the fantastic corruption of the previous regimes. The preliminary reports of the accountants and inspectors who began to check the records of the various ministries and independent agencies were shocking. The investigation of the Piraeus Port Authority was to disclose graft totaling nearly $6,000,000. Barely scratching the surface, the probe revealed systematic embezzlement on the part of officials in key administrative posts. Scandal followed scandal, as the men in power were shown to have callously misappropriated and misused the American money that was intended to help win the civil war and to rebuild the country.

General Plastiras

In the sphere of civil liberties the Plastiras government did not move as fast as the left wanted or as slowly as the right demanded; it would have moved somewhat faster if the state machinery had not been so thoroughly royalist-ridden. But it did lay down a policy of "leniency," which was intended gradually to restore civil rights to all citizens without endangering the security of the country or antagonizing a still over-sensitive population. Perhaps the actual measures taken by the government during its short tenure were less telling than the clearing of the charged atmosphere brought about by the mere existence of that type of government.

Nineteen days after the Plastiras government was overthrown, a special military court in Athens sentenced five men and three women to death for "treason." The Extraordinary Measures Act of 1946, which removed practically every civil right, was revalidated. Courts all over the country resumed the vendetta which had been recessed while the Plastiras government was in power. By the beginning of 1951 arrests without warrants were

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being made again, individuals were being held incomunicado, jailed without charges, and shot. On January 3 a forty-seven-year-old woman, Evangelia Floria, died after "jumping" from a third-story window of a police building in Athens. The police explained that Mrs. Floria, who had been held in solitary confinement for nine days, had "evidently repented of her Communist crimes and, conscience-stricken, decided to end her life." In part, this resumption of political terror was motivated by the oligarchy's ruthless determination to discourage popular opposition and forestall any repetition of the 1950 elections.

When the Plastiras government fell, the independent liberal Athens daily *To Vema* commented: "Until yesterday there was still hope that the culprits would not escape punishment. But now what will happen? Will the Populists be absolved? Will the Greek people be left with the feeling that the crooks are above the law? Will the crooked and corrupt punish the people for having believed they could get rid of them at the polls?" The obvious answer to all the questions is yes. Only a few minor crooks have been jailed. The people are being punished for their electoral independence. Wages have been frozen, prices rise unchallenged, unemployment increases steadily, and the profiteers continue to salt away their gains in other countries. All these developments provide grist for the Stalinist mill.

ONCE again Greece has failed to break the circle. Those who grasped at the emergence of a political center as a last chance, "reckoned without the innkeeper," as an old Greek saying goes. The dominant groups were not inclined to give up so easily and resorted to the proved formula—anti-communism. There were no guerrillas in the mountains of Greece in September, 1950. The Yugoslav frontier was secure. Internal order was well in hand. But there was Korea. Korea happened just in time—before the Plastiras government could get started on policies that would disturb the "business and banking cabal," and before the nation's political complexion could be altered.

So the existence of a Communist peril had to be reestablished. Without a Communist peril American dollars would stop pouring into Greece at a rate of roughly $300,000,000 a year. With one, the rulers of Greece can justify their repression and cover up their exploitation and corruption. An example of this tactic was heard over the North American transmission of Athens Radio on April 17, when in announcing the results of the municipal elections the commentator persistently described the opposition to the "nationalist" candidates as "the extreme left." Two years ago the Stalinists were "the extreme left." Today, with the Stalinists legally banned, "the extreme left" encompasses the ill-assorted combination of Socialists, trade-unionists, left republicans, and dissident Liberals who offer the only militant resistance to the oligarchy. When these men have in turn been imprisoned or exiled, the phrase "the extreme left" will be used as a smear epithet against any remaining opposition.

The entente between the Stalinists and reaction is in effect again. The two buttress each other; the existence of one is advantageous for the other. Ironically, United States assistance, which was sincerely planned to help the people of Greece, has contributed to this unholy alliance. It has done so, partly, because of the misplaced class sympathies of the American representatives in Greece, who with notable exceptions have either disbelieved in the existence of democratic forces there or distrusted them. As a result, we aligned ourselves with the one element of Greek society that could not possibly restore stability in Greece.

Brandel

Prime Minister Sophocles Venizelos

Moreover, by allowing the oligarchy to believe that it was the only element we could support, we lost our power to bargain with it. In the broad sense our practically limitless aid to Greece has been unconditional. Once we became exclusively committed to the oligarchy, reprimands, withholding of supplies, and minor reductions of funds were but slaps on the wrist. We were powerless to prevent the misuse and waste of United States aid and shall be powerless to prevent the eventual collapse of the Greek government. When that happens, when the government has completely dissipated the confidence of the people and pushed them into the waiting arms of a Communist movement it has rebuilt, the State Department will not be able to claim, as it did in the case of China, that our policy was essentially right but that the result was beyond our control. The 1950 elections in Greece proved that our policy had been essentially and disastrously wrong; at the same time they offered to the United States a way out of its predicament. For a brief moment—in correctly analyzing the 1950 election results as a popular expression of disgust and using its influence to bring the center parties to office—the United States acted boldly and wisely. Then it wavered and reverted to support of the oligarchy and its puppet politicians. In this the State Department ran true to form. And coming events in Greece will do the same.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Shaw's Last Play

THIRTY YEARS WITH G. B. S. By Blanche Patch. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

BUOYANT BILLIONS. By Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

MISS PATCH, who was Shaw's typist from about 1920 on, estimates that he averaged fifteen hundred words a day for seventy years and that his total output therefore came to approximately forty million words. He was, nevertheless, thrifty enough to collect scraps from the files, and some such are used to fill out the present, presumably last, volume of his plays. His fame would hardly suffer if they had remained unpublished, but "Buoyant Billions" is another matter. Like all the dramatic work after "St. Joan" it is rambling and extravagant, but it is also as pyrotechnically brilliant as the writing of his prime. The most unperceptive critic who read, for example, the opening dialogue between a conservative father and a revolutionist son would not need, like the critic in "Fanny's First Play," to be told whether or not it was by a good writer. Indeed, he could not possibly need to be told what particular good writer had written it, since any one of a score of pages, so characteristically slashing and at the same time so wonderfully compact and as transparent as glass, could have been written by no other man living or dead. Even the two-page preface to the puppet play "Shakes Versus Shav" is a marvel of efficiency which manages, among other things, to dispose of the Baconian heresy in two of the best paragraphs ever written on the subject.

Apropos "Buoyant Billions," Shaw remarks, "I can hardly walk through my garden without a tumble or two; and it seems out of all reason to believe that a man who cannot do a simple thing like that can practice the craft of Shakespeare." Yet so far as one would be able to guess from many individual pages, the nonagenarian Shaw had not lost his grip either upon the ideas he wished to express or upon his power to express them. He is still a utopian, a revolutionist, and a "metabiologist." He still has no faith in parliamentary reforms, because "the class war is rushing on us with tiger springs"; he is still delighted by the divine absurdity of sexual love, which can, as one character puts it, make "unreadable poems like the Song of Solomon" delightful and transform "bagatelles by Beethoven into great sonatas"; he is still sure that we know nothing about God except that "He leaves much of it to us"; still capable of satirizing himself in the portraits of Old Buoyant's brilliant children, who are "too much for him as talkers and generally arrive at wrong conclusions by talking their feet off the ground."

Nevertheless, to read the play as a whole, to read even the first act, is to realize how far he had lost something he began to lose a quarter of a century ago—namely, the ability to focus on any given subject either his attention or his powers of expression for more than a few minutes at a time. If his vivacity, his enthusiasm, or even his comic sense had declined to an equal degree, he might possibly have written later works more satisfactory as wholes, however much weaker in other respects they might have been. But the very virtues which always threatened to run away with him could no longer be kept under any sort of control. "Buoyant Billions" is, in some ways, not unlike "Heartbreak House," but it is without the coherence of that play—which by the way he is said by Miss Patch to have regarded as his best. The plot of the new "trivial comedy, which is the best I can do in my dotage," would defy summary and, like most of the other half-dozen last plays, stops rather than finishes after having got nowhere as anything more than a series of improvisations so loosely connected as almost to suggest that the author forgot what he had written as he went along.

Moreover, even when the scenes are taken by themselves, it is evident that though Shaw could still write philosophical dialogues on the one hand and brief farces on the other he could no longer write that something which is not quite either and is therefore a Shavian play at its best. Fancy tends to run riot, imagination as well as all sense of form to fall short. Even such characterization as, in the ordinary sense of the word, he had once been capable of, he is capable of no longer, and his dramatis personae have abandoned all pretense to membership in the human race. Passion and wit remain; nothing else which goes to the making of a play does. Yet there is one surprising paradox still unmentioned. If "Buoyant Billions" alone survived as the work of an unknown author, one would guess it to be, not the work of an old man, but of a youthful genius who had still to learn almost every sort of disciplined coherence except that of the individual sentence and paragraph.

As for "Thirty Years with G. B. S.," it is certainly of less than world-shaking importance, partly because the author does not appear to have seen much of her employer *en pantouffles*. There may be some mild interest attached to the fact that Shaw typed with two fingers before he learned to write slowly in shorthand and took to using it when he composed plays, but one needs to be far gone in hero-worshiping to care what his harpsichord brought at auction. It is chiefly of such tidbits that the volume is composed. More important, in view of some anecdotes which have been told by others, is the fact that Miss Patch, though not a disciple, testifies to her employer's considerateness and to his generally kindly ways.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

How to Read a Poem

INTRODUCTION TO POETRY. By Mark Van Doren. William Sloane Associates. $4.

THIS anthology, introduced by a hundred-odd pages of commentary on thirty of its poems, should be a godsend to any teacher at all able to bend the bow of its compiler—though one thinks of it as an admirable textbook only because nothing could be less textbookish in tone. The anthology itself is a sifting of the pure grain of English

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lyric from the Cuckoo Song to Dylan Thomas and Robert Lowell. The poems chosen for comment range from George Peele to Hart Crane; though some of them fall into thematically connected groups, the explications are wholly in terms of the poem itself—"a poem," says the preface, "exists only when its writer and its reader meet inside it and conspire to ignore everything but what it says." This soundest of principles realizes itself in practice as textual analysis of the closest sort: "I . . . have talked about [each poem] in the faith that it was worth all the attention and devotion I could supply. In no other way can poetry be understood. It is a difficult art unless we are willing to give it as much as it gives us—and this is no less true of a song by Burns or a pastoral by Herrick than it is of any modern poem."

Doctrine and method, then, would seem to be those of the current orthodoxy. But actually Mr. Van Doren's approach is very different from that of the dominant school, with its emphasis on certain attributes of thought or feeling—complexity, irony, ambiguity, paradox—as criteria of poetry. These are a part of poetry as they are a part of life, but they are not differentiating characteristics of poetry as such: to make a fetish of them too often leaves us, in spite of the most laborious textual wrestlings, no farther "inside" the poem than when we began. A poem, on the contrary, lives as a poem by that which makes it a poem and not some other thing; and this is the region in which Mr. Van Doren operates: "I have considered nothing but what a poem says and how it says it. It says it with music, and so I have emphasized the contribution in each case of rhythm and sound. But not as if that were everything. The subject matter, the idea, the feeling is of course the important thing. And yet it isn't either. The music that makes it manifest is itself a part of what we know, and at times would seem to be as indistinguishable from it as beauty is from virtue, or virtue from truth."

There is of course no fool-proof method of reading poetry, and what this approach yields at Mr. Van Doren's hands depends largely on his innate sensitiveness, tact, and finesse. Yet the effect his commentaries leave of having put us at the heart of the poetic process; of having sent us back to a poem, whether "simple" or "difficult," familiar or unfamiliar, with an enormously enriched sense of what accounts for its success as a poem—these triumphs of explication depend too on his assumptions as to the nature of poetry. It is instructive here to compare this "Introduction" with Cleanth Brooks's "The Well Wrought Urn," or rather to compare the explications in both books of Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet, a point where the paths of the authors happen to cross. There is not space to go into details, but in spite of Mr. Brooks's insights, the limitations imposed by his theory become acutely apparent when we put the two side by side; for light on what specifically converts to poetry the raw material of emotion and perception, of paradox and ambiguity, Mr. Van Doren begins, we feel, where Mr. Brooks stops short. Nothing could seem more obvious than an approach to poetry by way of "rhythm and sound"; actually, as Mr. Van Doren employs this approach, nothing could be more novel or illu-

The Knight, Death, and the Devil

Cowhorn-crowned, shockheaded, cornshuck-bearded,
Death is a scarecrow—his death's-head a teetotum
That tilts up toward man confidentially
But trimmed with adders; ringlet-maned, rope-bridled,
The mare he rides crops herbs beside a skull.
He holds up, warning, the crossed cones of time:
Here, narrowing into now, the Past and Future
Are quicksand.
A hoofed pikeman trots behind.
His pike's claw-hammer mocks—in duplicate, inverted—
The pocked, ribbed, soaring crescent of his horn.
A scapegoat aged into a steer; boar-snouted;
His great limp ears stuck sidelong out in air;
A dewlap bunched at his breast; a ram's-horn wound
Beneath each ear; a spur licked up and out
From the hide of his forehead; bat-winged, but in bone;
His eye a ring inside a ring inside a ring
That leers up, joyless, vile, in meek obscenity—
This is the devil. Flesh to flesh, he bleats
The herd back to the pit of being.

In fluted mail; upon his lance the bush
Of that old fox; a sheep-dog bounding at his stirrup
In its eyes the cast of faithfulness (our help,
Our foolish help); his dun war-horse pacing
Beneath in strength, in ceremonious magnificence;
His castle—some man's castle—set on every crag:
So, companioned so, the knight moves through this world.
The fiend moos in amity, Death mouths, reminding:
He listens in assurance, has no glance
To spare for them, but looks past steadily
At—at—
a man's look completes itself.

The death of his own flesh, set up outside him;
The flesh of his own soul, set up outside him—
Death and the devil, what are these to him?
His being accuses him—and yet, his face is firm
In resolution, in absolute persistence;
The folds of smiling do for steadiness;
The face is its own fate— *a man does what he must*—
And the body underneath it says: *I am.*

RANDALL JARRELL

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minating, or, in the current state of affairs, more salutary. Such, indeed, is the current state of affairs that this return to the mere essentials of the art has all the excitement of a prime discovery.

But perhaps more important is Mr. Van Doren's assumption that reading poetry—and writing about it—is a civilized activity, the worth of which is the achieving of a style, of an attitude sure enough of itself not to have to prove its seriousness by parading it. His "Introduction" demands from anyone who would work its vein a highly personal and delicate discipline of attention, and one a great deal harder to catch the trick of than paradox hunting. But however exacting the difficulties, the training is that of an athlete for economy and cleanness in performance, and the game is played strictly for the fun of it. For Mr. Van Doren, that is, the reading of poetry is an art, like the writing of it—a point of view that for a long time has led a somewhat subterranean existence. One can only wish this "Introduction" the widest use as a textbook.

HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR.

A Preference for Palaces

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH: THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY. By A. L. Rowse. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

THIS volume describes the surfaces of Elizabethan civilization—the agricultural, economic, and legal procedures, the church but not its creed, the schools and colleges but not their curricula, the social classes but not the social life. A soul for the body is promised in a second volume which will deal with Elizabethan thought and art, as well as colonial and other achievements. Ideally a work on such a scale would be worthy of a place beside Coulton's "Medieval Panorama" and might supersede Raleigh's "Shakespeare's England" and the parallel portion of Trevelyan's "Illustrated English Social History." Mr. Rowse, a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, who has written a number of well-received books, has the industry and exuberance for the great endeavor. Unfortunately he does not have the sanity and taste. This reviewer can recall reading few other works with such swiftly dwindling enthusiasm as this first volume of the "portrait of an age."

The early chapters are best. Mr. Rowse describes Elizabethan monuments in modern England with artistic effect, then pays a warm and informative tribute to the old cartographers, chroniclers, and antiquarians who painted their age from life. From the third chapter on, the use of obsolete terms and the massing of details will impede the progress of most readers, but the defect is not very serious. The subject is so important that we should welcome plenitude and be willing to make an effort. The author's style has at least the virtue of unflagging animation.

The book's great defect is Mr. Rowse's personal intrusion upon this great stage, like a chorus with a petulant falsetto voice. We do not mind being told that the gentry were more influential than the burgesses, that the nobility were not really declining, that land inclosures have been overemphasized, and the like, but we do mind the unmannerly prods. Mr. Rowse tells us that the "idiot people" hated beauty and genius, that Parliamentary elections returned the right members in spite of "that simple fool, the freeholder, with his vote," that the quality wanted schools for their children, but "thought education less important for the people, and they were right." Mr. Rowse feels that Christians should display a cultivated skepticism and indifference instead of the "hateful spirit of a Savonarola"—like "loathsome Luther" or "horrid Prynne" and other "nasty Puritans." The Established Church (not one of whose bishops was really a "bad man") kept its middle course in spite of "fools (or knaves) arguing for their own idea of liberty, Catholic or Puritan. . . ." Tawney's is too big a name to use in chiding the author for thus dismissing the spiritual conflicts of an age. An unpretentious little book, Bindoff's "Tudor England," recently added to the Pelican series for a shilling, sixpence, could give Mr. Rowse instructions in good manners and good sense. He feels the constant compulsion to crack heads, usually lowly heads, and to pat backs, usually great backs. If there is anything Elizabeth and Burleigh no longer need, it is an apologist. Mr. Rowse views their greatness as his discovery, and in the glad certainty that he is backing winners, comports himself like a rooter for the Yankees or Notre Dame.

It is difficult to understand why the author's friends could not have persuaded him to remove some of the gaffes. Nicholas Udall, miscalled here "the creator of English comedy," was removed from his teaching post as a confessed pederast. Mr. Rowse does not mention the nature of the offense, but signifies his knowledge of it in a classic remark: "His relations with his pupils were not what those of a schoolmaster, *or at least a headmaster,* should be" (italics the reviewer's). After noting that the fires of Smithfield were relit for "a couple of Dutch Anabaptists," he remarks, "The truths upon which society rests must be maintained." The reader must take his choice: whether Mr. Rowse is being ironical—at the expense of a government he has assumed could do no wrong—or whether he really believes that burning is the only suitable thing for "a couple of Dutch Anabaptists." He certainly condones the torturing of the Jesuit missioners—though, like Lewis Carroll's Walrus, he does sympathize a

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little: ". . . but oh the human tragedy of the necessity of it!" It should take no historian to tell Mr. Rowse there was *no* necessity, that it proved a bad business even from a tactical viewpoint. Comparative statistics on Elizabeth's torturings and burnings have tripped warier men than Mr. Rowse. She was more merciful than most Renaissance monarchs, and should be honored for so being—but those who were burned were burned.

The book is studded with flattering little portraits of certain exceptional members of the non-gentry, and even with reproofs of "snobbery," but we are not placated. The Puritans, who the author was certain would have no friends, are beaten persistently. The longest discourse on the subject begins, "The chief difficulty in writing about the Puritans—apart from the unattractiveness of the subject and the usual nimiety of material (for they have been too much written about, disproportionate to their place in society)—is one of definition." He achieves no definition, his only way of correcting the supposed imbalance having been to read very little of what has been written about the Puritans and practically nothing of what they wrote themselves. In content his discussion resembles a student theme, and its tone may be gauged from sentences like the following: "So like the Puritans, so like their tact: that did them no good: they got nowhere that way"; and again, "No historic sense, no conception of historical development; but no Puritan ever had much historic sense." This sounds less like a judicious historian than like Great-Aunt Agatha complaining of her non-conformist nieces. If these judgments seem harsh, the author cannot complain. He calls William Perkins a "horrid barbarian" who "fortunately died young." He may be surprised to learn that Perkins is still read—and by others than *Puritans*. These will be able to contain their impatience for that second volume which is to expound the artistic and spiritual values of the age.

Mr. Rowse lowers his gaze to the England of his own day only to deplore the "octopoid sprawl" of London, the "horrid agglomeration" of an urban and industrial civilization, and the building of tenements instead of palaces. Let us hope that most of his readers will discount it less completely. All of us glory in Elizabethan England, its great deeds and great poetry still stirring our hearts, its service to free institutions in a time of hazard still claiming our homage. And we know that Elizabeth was a great queen. We should recognize, however, that she had great advantages —the body of enlightened humanistic doctrine informing her age, the enemies divided against themselves, the thinly populated and geographically favored realm, the untouched natural resources, the chances for expanding foreign trade, the new continent awaiting colonization, in a word practically everything that modern England does not have. The present government of England assumed a far heavier burden in 1945 than did Elizabeth's government in 1558, the chances of success much smaller, the consequences of failure much greater. The leaders now, like the leaders then, may be described as parvenus. They too are trying to steer a middle course. If by some miracle they should succeed, and preserve England as a political and industrial democracy, then 350 years from now a historian—some spiritual descendant of Mr. Rowse —may start waving his hat. It will then be a little late. ALFRED HARBAGE

Some Political Novels

BARBARY SHORE. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Company. $3.

THE BURNED BRAMBLE. By Manès Sperber. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Doubleday and Company. $3.95.

THE CASE OF COMRADE TULAYEV. By Victor Serge. Doubleday and Company. $3.

AT THE drop of a memory, literary people will tell you that the critics of the thirties sinned in judging novels by political rather than aesthetic standards. Some of these very people are now attacking Norman Mailer's new novel on grounds that are almost entirely political, and in a few reviews attacking with invective and bad faith; only Maxwell Geismar in the *Saturday Review* has discussed the book with some considerateness. "Barbary Shore," as it happens, is a bad novel, but not because Mailer has chosen to defend an unpopular political point of view.

Apparently Mailer has taken to heart the dubious notion that naturalism is "exhausted" and Kafkaesque symbolism the only recourse for a serious novelist. "Barbary Shore" is crammed with symbols and can be read as a political allegory, but it does not do the first things a novel should: create dramatic tension and arouse interest in its characters. Since one cannot become involved with the weird collection of disembodied voices Mailer has brought together in a Brooklyn rooming-house, one does not care what they "stand for." The meaning of symbols in a work of art matters only when they enchant, disturb, or otherwise arouse us in their own right.

Another trouble is that Mailer writes badly. His lumpy and graceless prose is strewn with quasi-intellectual chatter and stiff with echoes of radical jargon, "progressive" journalism, and WPA living-newspaper skits. Once a writer has been exposed to such influences it is hard for him to develop a style, but there is no evidence in "Barbary Shore" that Mailer is even aware of the problem.

Because its action is merely a lifeless posturing and its prose is savorless, the political message of "Barbary Shore" does not seem to me very impressive. And for another reason: if the critic has no business judging a work of art in terms of political opinion, he has every right to judge the *quality* of its thought. Though I roughly agree with Mailer's position of intransigent socialism, I find myself embarrassed by his crude formulations and the tone of pious, apocalyptic certainty with which he delivers them. It is one thing to say that capitalism and Stalinism are both reactionary societies and that a political identification with the first may lead to a political victory of the second; but it is sheer cant to suggest that the absolute dictatorship of Russia and the limited but real democracy of the United States are, or are soon likely to be, "two virtually identical forms of exploitation."

I cavil at Mailer's tone not because doubt is necessarily good "in itself" or because the sort of "open mind" some liberals affect is particularly admirable. It is simply that if one is to try to remain a radical these days and not surrender to cynicism or weariness or atomic hysteria, one *must* be torn by doubts, one must reexamine every scrap-

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of doctrine and every step of action to see where and why things went wrong, one must engage in the "soul-searching" that is scorned equally by the kind of dogmatic Marxist who is content to have predicted catastrophes he did not avert and by the kind of complacent liberal who now boasts, after years of guilt over his timidity, that he was never "taken in." (The kind of liberal, I mean, who has discovered that the end does not justify the means but is reconciled to the probability of an atom war.)

The trouble is that Mailer has come to his radicalism a little late: he does not really know in his flesh and bones what has happened to the socialist hope in the era of Hitler and Stalin, and that is why he can refer so cavalierly to democracy and carry on like a stale pamphleteer. He is sincere and he is serious; I admire his courage in writing a book he must have known would bring him grief and attack. But I can only say that his relation to his material, like his presentation of it, is not authentic. Otherwise he would not seem so sure.

Authenticity is precisely what "The Burned Bramble" does have. Manès Sperber, an old European political who broke from Stalinism in 1937, is not really a novelist by training or instinct, but he does know how political people talk. "The Burned Bramble" is one of those revolving-stage affairs with dozens of characters roaming about, none of them very distinct, and with complex shifts of scene and time—the amateur novelist is always tempted by forms that would try a master. One never quite remembers which of the German Communist leaders Sperber is writing about; one only acknowledges the speculative intelligence with which he records their patterns and nuances of reflection. Sperber would have done better to use his material for a memoir or an essay in political psychology; still, I found his book moving. But I suspect that what moved me was less an experience in reading than a recall of history set off by the mere announcement of Sperber's subject.

Victor Serge's novel has many of the same faults as Sperber's. He too has chosen to write a multiple-decker novel, which turns out, however, to be too conventional for his material: in its stately shuttling from milieu to milieu it is hardly suitable for the vertiginous extremities of modern political experience. And too often Serge falls back on romantic rhetoric, effective in his pamphlets but here pretentious and hollow.

None the less, "Comrade Tulayev" is the best fictional portrait we have of Stalinist Russia, richly credible in atmospheric detail and bound by a coherent view of what Stalinism means. Serge is uncertain in his treatment of the commissars, for like everyone else he is guessing at what goes on in their minds, but he is superb in his portraits of the oppositionists. There is Ryzhik, a veteran Old Bolshevik, hard and strong, who in his unrelenting opposition to the regime lives out the original passion of the revolution. As a thinker he is unimpressive, merely repeating some of Trotsky's less valuable formulas, but he is something better than a thinker—a man of total commitment and selflessness. It is good to have this portrait, to be reminded that there were Old Bolsheviks who did not crawl but remained firm to the end.

Even better realized is the capitulator Rublev, an erudite and witty man apparently based on Bukharin. Rublev is cleverer than Ryzhik; in his uncertainty he has to be. In one great scene he and his entire generation are realized with passion and pathos: Rublev arranges a meeting in the Moscow woods with two old comrades to discuss their forthcoming arrest by the regime. They quarrel a bit, engage in some desultory controversy—and suddenly they come to trembling life, stirred by the cold of the snow, the warmth of this, their final meeting. They begin—not to talk of purges, politics, programs; it is too late for that. They begin throwing snowballs at each other, laughing like boys and for a moment innocent and forgetful. "They leaped, laughed, sank into snow up to their waists, hid behind trees to make their ammunition. . . . Wladek stood where he was, firmly planted, methodically making snowballs to catch Rublev from the flank, laughing until the tears came to his eyes, showering him with abuse: 'Take that you theoretician, you moralist, to hell with you,' and never once hitting him."

Here knowledge and imagination fuse, and the result is an image of the misery of our day.

IRVING HOWE

The Mind and Art of Goya

FRANCISCO DE GOYA. By José Lopez-Rey. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE forty reproductions in this new addition to Harper's Art Library cover very representatively the vast field of Goya's activity, from the early Crucifixion in the Prado, a strange compound, as it were, of Correggio and Thomas Eakins, and the St. Louis Self-Portrait at Twenty-five, to the Milkmaid (Prado, 1825-28) painted during Goya's last years in Bordeaux.

Professor Lopez-Rey eliminates from his account all the merely legendary aspects of Goya's career. He is concerned, he says, with "the lifelong process of creation." He guides the reader's attention, therefore, to the pictures themselves. He provides a thread through the development by a preliminary definition of the rococo tradition. For this purpose he borrows heavily from Edmund Burke and the treatise of Antonio Palomino. The latter is actually visible

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among the paraphernalia of an early portrait, that of the Count of Floridablanca (1783). It is true that the rococo conception of beauty, as expressed in Burke and Palomino, was Goya's point of departure; but I do not think that Lopez-Rey carries this good idea far enough. Take, for example, his consideration of the full-length portrait of the Marchioness of Pontejo, a fine early work in the National Gallery, Washington. Here is a figure painted with courtly virtuosity and with a touch of humor in the over-brittle crook of the finger and the balance of the pose slightly askew, somehow suggestive of Beatrice Lillie. It is clearly a Gainsborough figurine appraised by a bolder and deeper mind. Not a parody à la Miró, but rococo with a wry twist.

Such, at least, is my impression of the Marchioness of Pontejo. Lopez-Rey, however, finds in it only an example of a point he is making, that in the early period Goya "represents the sitters [*sic*] as both graceful and dominating." After demonstrating this not very remarkable fact, he concludes as follows: "This corresponds to the rationalist concept of man as being capable of an accurate comprehension of his own stature as well as of the ascendant role he is to play in the natural world." If it were not bad manners, I would just say applesauce.

This kind of ersatz criticism—philosophical capsules instead of a proper response to the forms of art—is fortunately not the main stream of Lopez-Rey's approach to Goya, but it occurs rather too frequently. Even the nude Maja emerges as "an expression of natural, or picturesque, beauty," instead of the most highly charged female in the history of nude painting and the first which can properly be called a portrait. (It makes no difference who the model was.)

In considering the late works of Goya, Lopez-Rey might have made more of the extraordinary amount of time it took Goya to reach his full stature. If Goya had died at forty, he would have gone down in history as a court painter of uncommon brilliance, and no more. There is little indication of the profundities to come. Even Rembrandt, another late developer, had painted the Night Watch before this time in his life. Lopez-Rey might have emphasized, too, the violence of technique in the late works, with its extraordinary prophecy of expressionism—whether of Daumier or of Rouault—as well as its invocation of late Rembrandt. Goya's famous statement in his old age that his only masters had been nature, Velasquez, and Rembrandt is in the text of this book, but not its application as regards Rembrandt himself.

On the whole, the book gives a sense of Goya as responsive to the prevailing ideas of his time, and rather passively so, but not as one of the great minds who helped create those ideas and who evolved through a process of his own artistic logic. S. LANE FAISON, JR.

The New Cosmology

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE. By Fred Hoyle. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE "intelligent layman" who studied cosmology with Jeans and Eddington and Gamow will probably be shocked by this new design of the universe. Hardly one basic principle of the "old" theories is left standing. The moon no longer derives from the earth—it "used to" lie in the space now occupied by the Pacific Ocean; the center of our planet is no hotter than a wood fire; the sun has ceased being the parent of the solar system; the number of planets in existence, inhabitable and otherwise, has now been immeasurably increased, the Milky Way alone having contained 10,000,000 during its brief history; and finally, there was no start to the universe a few billion years ago, and in fact there was no start altogether. Hoyle, who is a young and brilliant astronomer at Cambridge University, sounds at times like an a posteriori God.

Before taking up at least a little of what he calls the New Cosmology, let us be clear where it differs from "the Old Cosmology." It was held until recently that the solar system came about in one of two ways: either the sun was approached by another star whose gravitational pull tore off vast portions of the sun (the Buffon theory, as modified by Jeans), or the sun, as its original mass cooled, increased its rotational speed and by centrifugal force discharged the stuffs that we know today as the planets (the Kant-Laplace theory, formidably revived in 1943 by the physicist Weizsäcker). Intrinsic to both these views is the belief that the universe is of relatively recent origin. Hoyle and his fellow modern astronomers, however, start from an entirely different assumption.

Hoyle shows us that the materials composing the sun, which consist almost entirely of hydrogen and helium,

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could never have been used to create the earth, where elements of much higher atomic weight are predominant. He then argues that the sun was at its inception one of a pair of stars, a so-called binary system, which is a very common event in the universe. And the sun's twin was not an ordinary star but a supergiant, which was immensely larger and brighter, and which ended in a cataclysmic explosion known as a supernova. Now, when a supernova occurs, an unimaginable heat is attained, a heat so intense that nuclear transmutations become possible. The interior furnace of the sun permits hydrogen to be converted into helium, but the supernova can alchemize hydrogen—which is the building stuff and protoplasm of the universe—into magnesium, iron, uranium, and in short into exactly those heavier elements found here on earth. Hoyle maintains that the sun's twin, directly before it vanished into space, breathed out a cloud of gas that clung to the sun and that was later fashioned into our solar system.

The significance of this idea is that it frees astronomy from any inherent need to conceive of a start to the universe. If the Buffon-Jeans theory is upheld, the meeting of the two stars could in all likelihood have taken place only when stars were much nearer to each other—that is, soon after their creation from the primordial gas that has been assumed. The Kant-Laplace theory likewise requires a birth to the universe, for it cannot explain the presence of heavy elements on earth without placing their origin in the extreme densities and pressures of a non-material age. The New Cosmology does away with all logical cause for insisting upon any single gigantic creative act. But if the universe always existed, how can the loss of energy, the destruction of elements, be accounted for? No supply is infinite.

This question is the most damaging one to the new theory. Hoyle's personal answer to it is that, as the need arises, nature creates its own new forces—from nothingness. The principle of "the expanding universe," according to which the galaxies are in continual flight from each other, would eventually sweep bare our night skies, save for the visible portions of the Milky Way; but Hoyle insists that nothing of the kind will ever happen, for the vanishing galaxies will be replaced by new ones in a process of "continual creation." The universe is made up almost entirely of hydrogen, and if the universe is of infinite age, as the New Cosmology proposes, the best explanation for this element's prevailing is that nature has replenished it—from nothingness. And if this sounds fantastic, Hoyle asks, is it any more fantastic than the belief that the universe was brought into being at a certain particular time and had never existed before then?

Even the rankest amateur at cosmology will be annoyed at the oversimplifications running through this book. Actually these pages are quoted from lectures read over the B. B. C., and they have just that mixture of flat statement and chatty enthusiasm one would expect in a radio script. But what is said here in "The Nature of the Universe" is too important and too challenging to be dismissed on literary grounds. If Hoyle and those modern astronomers who share his thinking are wrong, they have at least made a magnificent guess, and it is in human nature to welcome such a guess, and to believe that from it some measure of proved truth must one day derive.

CHARLES SPIELBERGER

Gothics and Some "Fellers"

MAN AND BOY. By Wright Morris. Alfred A Knopf. $3.

ALL ABOUT H. HATTERR. By G. V. Desani. Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.

THE new novel of Wright Morris, an original and interesting craftsman, describes in fine pictorial detail an important day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Ormsby, who leave their Pennsylvania home for the Brooklyn Navy Yard to dedicate a destroyer escort named after their dead sailor son. We have met the Ormsbys before, in the paintings of Grant Wood: indeed, if we could imagine a secret key turned behind one of that painter's Gothics so that the figures began to move slowly and stiffly, comically and yet sadly, we would have Mr. Morris's Ormsbys to the life. His technique has both the merits and the deficiencies of the Grant Wood attitude: as caricature it is delightful, if somewhat overdrawn; as social commentary it is idiosyncratic and labored.

In the earlier pages, by far the most whimsical and amusing, Mr. Ormsby is seen as the perfect henpecked husband, tiptoeing about the bedroom in the early morning, "carrying his shoes," following "the throw rugs to the closet, like a man crossing a swift stream on blocks of ice." His tyrannical wife is the by now legendary Mother, fanatically self-centered lecturer on Bird Calls and devourer of all who cross her path. But by the time they reach the Navy Yard, Mother has been invested with a mystical kind of greatness, and much of the sharpness of the original caricature has faded beneath Mr. Morris's determina-

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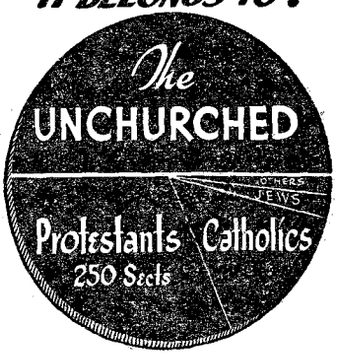

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tion to fill out the picture and impress us with the symbolic weight of the Ormsbys' situation.

Mr. Desani is more than an original. "All About H. Hatterr" can hardly be adequately summarized, but one might think of this guffawing Indian writer as a lunatic hybrid by S. J. Perelman out of James Joyce. In England he has already been bestrewn with such adjectives as "remarkable" and "amazing" by T. S. Eliot and others, whom his H. Hatterr would probably refer to as high-powered literary fellers (all males are fellers, from the Bard of Avon to the meanest chiseler). He is also boring in long stretches, but since the same can be said of other literary greats, both Oriental and Occidental, H. Hatterr would probably be happy with with that characterization also.

H. Hatterr is a kind of Indian Everyman who tells us of his misadventures as lover, holy man, husband, man of affairs, and so on, with the aid of his "pal," Nath C. Banerji, in a cascade of headlines, quotations, and pidgin slang that tumbles across the pages in incredible profusion. Puns in half a dozen languages are interspersed with erudite and hilarious references to Shakespeare, Bing Crosby, John Bunyan, the Quiz Kids, and the Bible. My favorite episode—they are numbered and captioned, like the paragraphs in a work of systematic philosophy—is LIFE-ENCOUNTER 7, entitled PUNCHUM AND ANOTHER, WITH CONTEMPT, wherein a young feller is taken to the cleaners by "a pious gatherum of some twenty fellers" presided over by a naked recluse named Punchum.

It all adds up to a kind of Joycean acceptance of life and the continuity of human experience, but the dogged reader is warned by H. Hatterr himself that "the trump card of us Balaamite fellers is the mumbo-jumbo talk: the priest-craft obscurantisms and subtility . . . by the Pharisee Desani: see the feller's tract 'All About H. Hatterr,' publisher, the same New York company: a language deliberately designed to mystify the majority, tempt 'em to start guessing, and interpreting our real drift, and allegory, what the hell we mean: miss the issue, and dash our heads against the crazy paved rock of confusion."

To which exhausted Westerners, whether in New York or in "South Dakota, You Essay," will only be able to nod meekly. HARVEY SWADOS

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Books in Brief

ONCE AROUND THE SUN. By Brooks Atkinson. Harcourt, Brace. $4. From Walden Pond to Broadway is a long journey, but the biographer of Thoreau and drama critic of the New York *Times* has made it without apparent discomfort. His diary of reflections and observations in the city and at his country home owes a considerable debt to Thoreau's journals. The writing lacks the bravura of the master, but in tone and content it is not unworthy of the comparison. A delightful book, but fie on the publisher for providing no index.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. A Memoir by Vladimir Nabokov. Harper and Brothers. $3. An evocation of the scenes of an exile's progress from a fabulous pre-revolutionary Russia through university years in England and literary life in Berlin and Paris to a haven in America. The detachment with which Mr. Nabokov unreels this cinema of upheavals has a little the air of a tour de force, and so sometimes has the ornate prose of his scenarios. Yet often enough the manner is extremely effective, and the impressions of persons and places —the sketches of life on the family estate, of St. Petersburg, icy, gaunt, and enigmatic, of the love affair with Tamara—make the Russian part an iridescent recreation of a vanished world.

Art

MANNY FARBER

TOP comic-strip artists like Al Capp, Chet Gould, and Milt Caniff are the last in the great tradition of linear composers that started with Giotto and continued unbroken through Ingres. Until the Impressionists blurred the outlines of objects and diffused the near, middle, and far distance into a smog of light and dark, design had been realized in terms of outline and the weight of the inclosed shape. Today the only linear surgeons carrying on the practice—except for some rear-guard opportunists like Shahn—are the pow-bam-sock cartoonists, whose masterful use of a dashing pen line goes virtually unnoticed in the art world. (Once in a lifetime a curator takes time off from Klee, Disney, and Dadaism to throw up a slipshod "retrospective" like the recent show "American Cartooning," at the Metropolitan.) The rococo, squiggling composition of the average comic strip is too intricate, difficult, and unorthodox for cultured eyes grown lazy on the flaccid drawing-with-color technique and the pillow-like form of modern painting.

The comic stripper—a funereal-faced craftsman who draws with his hat on and usually looks like an ex-saxophone-playing Republican—has good reason to wear a Ned Sparks expression. To start with, he has to meet over four hundred deadlines a year—one daily plus two on Sunday—while serving up his uniquely personal Karakters in a format squeezed to a fraction of its original size because his colleagues multiply like rabbits. He is bedeviled by aesthetic and moral do-gooders for contributing to a "debauch in flamboyant color and violent drawing," for his "fishing about in

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the murky depths of mass reactions." His earliest slapstick creations were rebuked for glamourizing "the cheeky, disrespectful child"; then the girlie-girlie strips were hounded by cheesecake censors; some of the religious newspapers run his stuff but jerk out pipes, cigarettes, and clouds of smoke; the newer strong-arm brigade catches monthly blasts from psychiatrists like Wertham and psyched-up little magazines like *Neurotica*. Worst of all, he is continually criticized for not being "funny"—when from the beginning, from the first "Yellow Kid" strip in the 1890's, his humor has been of a jaundiced, whiplashing, Goyaesque type, too sour for articulate emphasis.

The key to the success of cartoons is not the vulgar, violent subject matter but the dinky, cocky pen stroke, which unfortunately gets less virile every day. Gilbert Seldes's complaint about the weak conception and execution of the "Katzenjammers" was an apt damnation of Knerr's designs but completely unjust to the small, beautifully well-fed details: readers drool over Knerr's just-baked pies drawn rather sloppily but with bloated, seductive lines that stream taste and texture out of the page; his plump and sassy roadster tires, his stylish oval rumble seats have more aesthetic kick than the effects of his most industrious competitor—Peter Paul Rubens. Despite their latter-day shortcomings, the strippers still have a full grasp of the objects in our world and throw them up with a quick spendthrift exhibitionism delightful to Americans who have been raised on the idea that drawing skill is hard won.

At that, the comic creators start with stolidly traditional tactics. ("First learn how to draw—then go to a good art school and get a firm foundation in the arts"—Billy DeBeck, Barney Google's accoucheur.) Bisect almost any box from "L'il Abner" with two diagonals and you will find the lines crossing all important details: bosoms, hag's face, fleeing bachelors, six-shooter barrel peeled back like a banana. Capp, a veteran of four art schools, also spots his darks in a circular path with a firm anchorage in one corner or another—a typical student maneuver. Another old-master orthodoxy is his serpentine pattern of figures across the page, each slob turned this way or that so as to contrast and link with his neighbor. Yet every panel is distorted into life because Capp plays enough rage and gloom into each Dogpatch person and thing to bury his conventional moves under a forest of weird lettering and decisively stylized curiosities.

Unfortunately, Capp and his contemporaries have softened cartoonism by overdrawing figure and overworking the intellectual-literary vein. The old standbys were arrogant show-offs who confounded their fans with ambiguously brilliant-bitter touches. George McManus stuck a hideously aggressive face on Maggie and then gave her a beautiful body and legs; this insidious combination was drawn with the clean sharp elegance of a Botticelli nude. Another unforgettable resolution of contradictions was DeBeck's sagging, ponderous Spark Plug, who always found graceful fluid motion in the home stretch.

There have been three major "periods" in American cartooning, and each step has been a change for the worse. The founding fathers—Swinnerton, Outcault, Dirks—were strictly caricaturists, hardly bothering about backgrounds: their stock in trade was exposing the smashable character of ordinary people with a style based on doodles. When adults started reading the funnies, style changed to suit their timid suburban outlook. Domesticity and illustration crept in for the benefit of the henpecked and the lovelorn; rooms were drawn in perspective, lamps were drawn with a ruler, potbellies shrank, and everything suggested a solid hunk of marital doom. The most dispiriting change was ushered in by "Tarzan" in 1929. With this, funnies turned into pseudo-movies—taking over close-ups, tricky lighting, and the rest. There have been some miraculous cinematic inkers like Caniff ("Terry," "Canyon"), who draws incredibly sharp and delicate faces with a crowquill pen and exciting clothing with a shadow-nicking brush; yet even Caniff fondles his troubled adventurers like a cosmetic man making up a glamour girl.

Good or bad, uphill or down, comic strips are read by sixty or seventy million daily devotees. They satisfy a demand for inventiveness, energetic drawing, and a roughneck enthusiasm for life that other plastic arts cannot meet.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

MOZART'S Piano Concerto K.453, one of the most marvelous examples of the genre, and the Concerto K.459, which I again find to be a beautiful work of lesser stature—both not available on records for some time—are now to be had on an LP record, but in performances by Leonid Hambro and the Oklahoma City Symphony under Alessandro that are without grace or sensitiveness in pace, phrasing, and touch. Surfaces are gritty (Allegro).

K.459 gets more sensitive treatment from Clara Haskil and the Winterthur Symphony under Swoboda; but both orchestra and pianist play without force in the powerful opening movement of K.466 and parts of the later movements.

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The piano sound lacks resonant brightness and solidity (a small instrument?); and the orchestral sound is heavy (Westminster).

Haydn's brilliantly high-spirited Trumpet Concerto in E flat (1796) is excellently performed by Helmut Wobitsch and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Heiller; and the moderately engaging Horn Concerto in D (1762) gets a good performance by Franz Koch and the same orchestra and conductor (Haydn Society). Less interesting is another Horn Concerto in D, and mostly uninteresting are the Handel Concerto Grosso in B flat and Double Concerto in C, well played by the Janssen Symphony and soloists (Capitol).

Clara Haskil's playing in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 is good, but its effect is lessened by her toneless instrument; also there is questionable monkeying with tempo, the orchestra is coarse, the sound of the violins strident (Westminster).

In Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 we get the best playing Serkin is capable of—the melodic line clear and fluent, but with no force or momentum created by phraseological inflection, and in fact with occasional weakness produced by things like an accelerated swell to a melting diminuendo. The performance is reproduced with good balance between a piano sound which lacks solidity down below and an orchestral sound which is agreeable but would not be recognized as that of the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia).

Another performance of the work offers stronger playing by Victor Schioler, better-balanced piano sound, and good playing by the Danish State Radio Symphony under Garguly which is reproduced with less than present-day spaciousness and brilliance. Surfaces are gritty (Mercury).

The *Adagio* section of Schubert's Fantasy Opus 15 ("Wanderer") is very beautiful, and is played by Curzon with sensitive delicacy; the rest of the work I find unimpressive, and while Curzon's playing of the vigorous portions is effective his flat undifferentiated *p* in the quiet portions is not. Surfaces are poor (London). Kempff's performance of the great Sonata in B flat (London) and Kraus's of the beautiful Sonata Opus 42 (Decca) are things to skip.

Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, one of his finest works, is excellently played by Casadesus (with no repeats in the early variations and some repeats in the later ones). The piano sound is unresonantly cold and glassy on top and needs stepping up of bass down below; and there is a hum. On the same record is Beethoven's Sonata Opus 110, of which the first two movements are played without the force that Casadesus imparts to the Arioso in his beautifully articulated performance (Columbia).

Schumann's charming "Papillons" Opus 2 is well played by Gyorgy Sandor; and the piano sound is the truest achieved by Columbia, but unenriched by resonance and in need of stepped-up bass. Also on the record are the brilliant Toccata Opus 7 (its sound shallow, wooden, glassy), the strange "Vogel als Prophet," and several Brahms Intermezzi which I like no better this time—all well played (the Kempff performances of Brahms Intermezzi and Rhapsodies (London) are something to skip, as are the pieces themselves).

Schumann's great Fantasy Opus 17 is badly played by Robert Weisz (London); the fine Sonata Opus 22 by Jacqueline Blancard, whose treatment of the charming "Scenes from Childhood" is a little better, though occasionally too robust and with excessive distentions (Vanguard).

Schumann's "Waldszenen" Opus 84, well played by Casadesus, are uninteresting. On the same record and well played is Debussy's "Children's Corner," of which I like only *Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum, The Snow is Dancing,* and *Golliwog's Cake Walk* (Columbia). Kapell's performance of *Golliwog* (Victor 78) is heavy-handed and fussy.

Backhaus has surprised me with good performances of Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Waltz Opus 34 No. 1, and three Mazurkas (London).

Griffes's "The White Peacock," one of his best works, is well played by Amparito Iturbi (Victor 78). Bloch's three pieces for cello and piano, "From Jewish Life," well played by Zara Nelsova and Bloch himself, are effective examples of a familiar style; Copland's Four Piano Blues and Barber's Adagio for strings on the same record I don't care for (London). Nor do I care for Debussy's Suite Bergamasque, well played by Frank Glazer (Polymusic; with Ravel's "Gaspard de la nuit"), and the piano music of MacDowell that is well played by John Kirkpatrick (Columbia).

Of the waltzes for two pianos beautifully played by Gold and Fizdale I have enjoyed some of Virgil Thomson's bland and at times amusingly parodistic Synthetic Waltzes and a few of Rieti's Second Avenue Waltzes, but not those of Auric, Sauguet, Tailleferre, and Bowles (Columbia).

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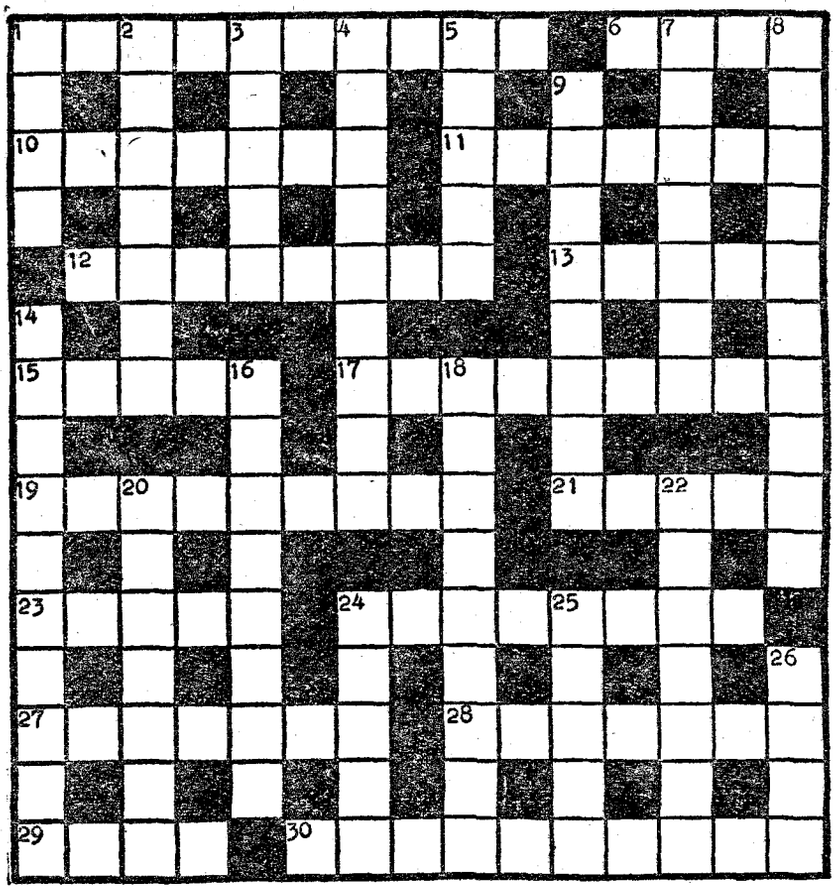

ACROSS

1 It sounds like a comfortable couch at the back of the roof. (4, 6)
6 Knock 'em over in your best uniform! (4)
10 and 23. Sounds like Howard the writer and Henry the publisher are playing coy! (4, 3, 5)
11 Shake well, if you take it in quartz. (7)
12 Honest! It's on the surface of the stars! (8)
13 Invigorating keynote. (5)
15 See 4 down.
17 Certainly not an underhanded way to seize power! (9)
19 No hips? (9)
21 The 5 of animals. (5)
23 See 10.
24 Storms. (8)
27 Stridently, but not extremely tricky! (7)
28 and 29. Hammer and sickle ---- by the numbers, perhaps! (7, 4)
30 Occupation of Scott's last man. (10)

DOWN

1 Not out in the vault. (4)
2 and 3. An armorer might, in style. (7, 5)
4 and 15. Fraternity man from middle Europe longs to be out on the western ranges. (9, 5)
5 Fox gave a single solitary 15 one. (5)
7 Link, perhaps, with the air force. (7)
8 He doesn't sound sound like much of a hero at Christmas time! (4, 6)
9 The boss isn't quite like Hitler when he does this. (8)
14 Meditates on the curb, perhaps. (10)
16 Such land might have been viewed in transit. (8)
18 A fast buck or so to Fritz? (4, 5)
20 One might find this wearing. (7)
22 Purposeless contraction embedded in stone. (7)
24 A sign that the orchestra should get together. (5)
25 Mr. Berry's churchly title? (5)
26 Mud found in many political campaigns years ago. (4)

• • • • •

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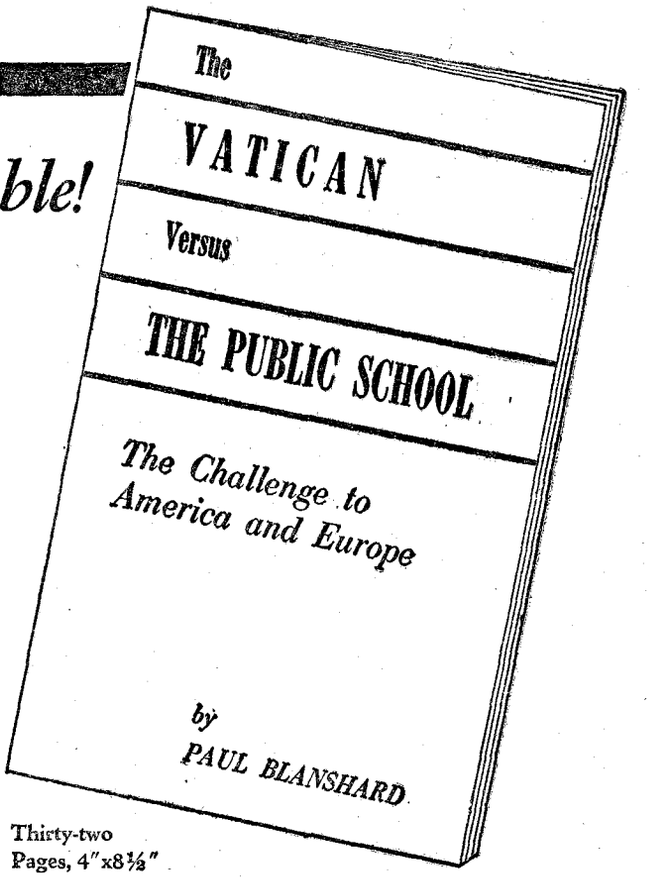

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Best known for his exposure of Tammany while serving as head of New York City's Department of Investigation and Accounts under Mayor LaGuardia, Paul Blanshard has had a varied career of public service. He has studied theology, is a member of the New York Bar, and was a State Department official during World War II. He is the author of "Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean" and "American Freedom and Catholic Power." The latter book became a best-seller despite a press conspiracy of silence against it, and was honored by the Religious Book Roundtable of the American Library Association as one of the fifty best religious books of 1949. His latest book, "Communism, Democracy and Catholic Power," will be published this spring.

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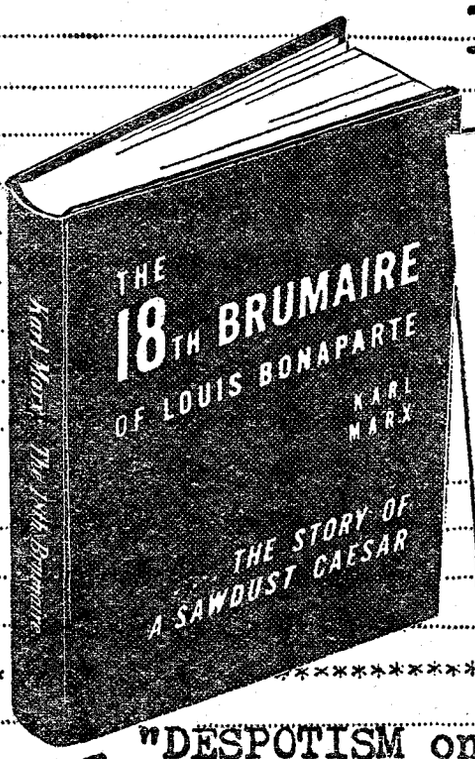

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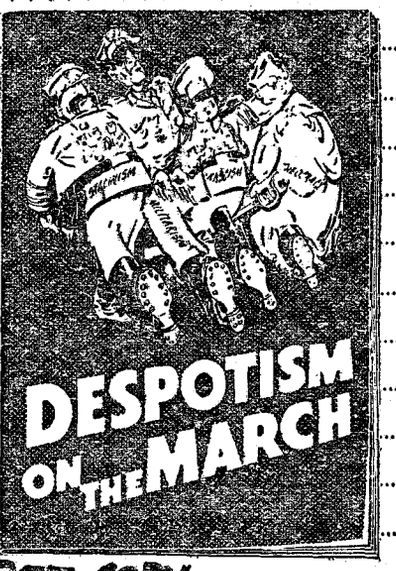

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